SAHRAHWAH!

GOOD THINGS COME TO THOSE WHO HATE

By Vlad Kasptima

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18th dimensional hyper-space
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THE 9 WORDS

Satanic Aryan Hardcore Rise Above Hesitancy With Adversarial Hatred!

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Baal.

Chapter 1

A hostile and searing beam of light focused upon his visage. It rubbed into his consciousness like two giant pulsing thumbs on his forehead, preventing him from organizing any semblance of rational thought. The light obscured all but the faintest of perceptions of the room. The room, his prison, was smallish and painted machine-gray in thick coats of paint. The man dropped his shorn head, fatigued. At a small table across from him, another man perused the contents of a manila folder behind the baneful light. Silently the shrewd bespectacled man shuffled and separated the papers with his cruel and deft dagger-like fingers.

"Lugh Speer. Is that pronounced Loo?"

"Yes, it's Celtic."

"Is there any reason you were leaving town in such a hurry?" said the interrogator, flopping the file down.

"What makes you think I was trying to leave town? Don't you guys have anything better to do than chase speeders?" said Lugh.

"You don't have to be so evasive. There's nothing wrong with leaving town. You're a free man, after all," said the interrogator with a soft rueful smile, his slender fingers tracing imaginary circles in the air.

"No. You know for a fact that the detective told me to stay in town. But, I'm pretty sure what's happened here tonight is not exactly legal ether. If this is still a free country, then why are you holding me

here?" Lugh strained at his cuffs, lifting his hands to the side to show the interrogator.

"We have some information you may be a danger to yourself or others, a domestic terrorist even."

"Well, aren't you benevolent, locking me up for my safety? A domestic terrorist? Isn't that just a catch-all for someone on the other side of the war?" Lugh scoffed and shook hot beads of sweat and blood out of his eyes.

"What war?"

"I'm a pacifist; I have committed no crime. My prints aren't on that gun. Whatever happened to Due Process? Is this a police state?"

"You know what kind of state we are in, Mr. Speer." said the interrogator leaning forward. "The strong rule the weak, the shrewd rule the strong — survival of the Fittest. Inferior organisms succumb to superior organisms so that those chosen superior beings are free to survive, propagate, and possess. In other words, my position and yours." said the interrogator expressively twirling his fingers again.

"Nature's Eternal Religion..."

"Yes, Mr. Speer. Now we're speaking the same language. We need to sort all of this out, and your cooperation would expedite the process. If you're completely forthcoming with me, we may have a situation where I can trust you and give you more freedom of movement. However, the opposite is also true. I have the power to bind you so tight that you cannot breathe. You are the inferior organism and me, That is, my people, possess you. What you call rights are privileges earned by the victorious. No animal, including humans, is born with inalienable rights. It's all up to you. I don't want to restrict you. There might even be a life for you outside of these confines when we are through. Again it's up to you." The interrogator Shrugged, exposing his open palms.

"And what kind of existence would that be; living in a state of shame along with the weak and powerless, imprisoned like huddled hordes of sheep-like race traitors?! Nothing you promise me or threaten me with is going to convince me to be a traitor to my people."

"What is there to betray? I'm afraid your people aren't going to be around much longer, they tend to have this suicidal tendency don't they Lugh?" The interrogator pointed to Lugh's vertically slit forearms. He continued, "The white race, as you refer to the aggregate of light-skinned peoples that formerly were the sole occupiers of the North, has lost its passion, its zest for life. It's a shame; your kind used to be our greatest competitor. Sure, there's still the north Asian Mongoloids, but it's just not the same. They're so domesticable. I suppose it's a natural outcome of our centuries of curation, our gardening of society if you will? You no longer have any roots."

"You can't win fighting against nature. Your kind is parasitical, and you will always need a host. You're essentially a race of leeches." said Lugh.

"It's true. And like your kind, you are horrible at deception. So let me ask you: were you trying to find your cowboy friend when you were speeding out of town? If you tell me, I won't have to call my friends back into the room." the interrogator whispered, leaning forward.

A ball of rage formed deep in the pit of Lugh's stomach, manifesting as a bloody globule of mucus. Lugh spat the ball into the interrogator's face.

"Tsk tsk, Shades of Dük. Not very pacifistic of you. But I am impressed. That does show some passion." he said as he calmly wiped his face with a handkerchief from his trousers. Then curtly, he snapped his fingers, summoning his assistants. "I'll return in thirty minutes. We will speak then," he said, walking to the door. The interrogator stopped abruptly before slinking out and said, "The war is over, Mr. Speer. We're only conducting the cleanup effort."

The goons began to beat their captive, as they did, Lugh's thoughts drifted to his teacher and his revelations. He dissociated mind from body and slowly funneled his consciousness into a current of contemplation. Lugh's mind recalled the truths of natural law:

Every organism that crawls the Earth has fought for its right to exist. Every creature has fought for its place in the ecosystem. The natural world does not hand out licenses; survivors must take everything by force at the loss of those vanquished.

Human existence, like all life, has been one ceaseless, never receding process of elimination. All predators and prey engage in this

fight. Even seemingly immobile plants must edge out their rivals and dominate their competition. The underlying condition of life is adversarial. The victors secure material comfort and necessities in this life at the expense and loss of other creatures. Humanity nurtures the higher qualities only after enemies to one's stability are subdued. All life that did not win through force of body and mind withered on the vine and died off — forever sealing its tombs, such as the endless night of the troglobites and trilobites. It is the same with empires, tribes, religions, ideas, family lines, and entire races of prehistoric humanoids. The alembic of conquest forms all beings. Nature's system forges them one way or another, in the grand battle of the eons; from the glorious general sending his men to die, to the yogi sitting in his mountain cave who is only able to contemplate metaphysics because some lusty battle-worn warrior fought, and killed for his luxurious idleness.

And then Lugh's thoughts drifted to a time before his awakening.

***

One year ago, warm air drifted through an open window and ruffled the curtains softly. The stars began populating the night sky of the

suburban neighborhood. Inside their living room, Lugh and his wife sat on the couch comfortably. Lugh looked deeply into his woman's eyes and caressed her honey-colored hair. They kissed, feeling the heat pass between their lips. They were enjoying the afterglow of their wedding reception as happy newlyweds.

"What was that?" said Lugh.

"I didn't hear anything. Besides, everyone's wasted after that reception." said Lucy.

"It could be Danny; he has no sense of direction," said Lugh.

"He deserves to be lost. He can sleep in the bushes." The couple continued kissing.

Knock, knock, knock, thud, thud, thud.

"That sounded like he's kicking the door now. I'm going to tell Danny to piss off."

"Okay, don't take long. I'm putting on something sexy," said Lucy.

Lugh rose and helped Lucy off the deep couch. He patted her butt as she sashayed toward the bedroom. Lugh turned the other direction and walked down the hallway toward the front door.

"Danny, this better be a matter of life and death," grumbled Lugh as he swung open the door... No one was at the door. "Danny, are you fucking kidding me?"

Suddenly glass shattered, and a shrill scream rang out from the bedroom. Lugh found a nearby closet and grabbed a baseball bat. He ran back through the house towards the noise. From the darkened hallway outside the bedroom, Lugh saw large shards of broken glass all over the floor. The sliding glass door to the couple's bedroom opened fully to the elements. Suddenly He felt a searing pain in the back of his head. His vision blurred, and blotchy stars appeared before him. Lugh stumbled uncontrollably to the floor and felt what seemed like the weight of 60lb sacks of cement repeatedly falling on him. He faded into oblivion.

Startled, Lugh slowly became aware of pains in his body and head. He made an effort to lift his head, but he could not see. Something was covering his eyes. Somewhere in front of him, he could hear his wife moaning in agony. Lugh attempted to Scream, but

his mouth was bound. His wrists were secured. He began to listen to voices as they descended the stairs.

"Shit nigga, you gotta get yo mask back on. You crazy?" said the first voice.

"Nah bruh, I ain't crazy. It's hard to breathe in this muthafugga." said the second nigger.

"Well shit, look at that, the white boy not dead after all. Check dem cuffs." said the first nigger.

"I did 'em muhself. Cracka ain't going nowhere. Ain't that right, bitch?" this response came from a negress.

Indeed, the cuffs were so tight that they had cut off most of the circulation to his hands, which were throbbing in pain. To keep them from falling asleep, he started to squeeze his fingers into fists. The group sat at Lugh's basement workbench, where he worked on many of his hobbies and home projects. He heard them dragging stools across the concrete floor and then eating with their mouths open what they had gathered from the kitchen. Lugh's captors rattled on in mundane and mindless chatter, munching on snacks and wedding cake.

One of the men approached Lugh and tapped him on the head with the butt of his gun. As Lugh sat motionlessly, the nigger's spiderly fingers pulled the blackened goggles off of his face.

"I'm glad you're awake to see this white boy." said the nigger speaking through a muffled wad of uneaten cake in his cheek. Then pointing with his pistol and greasing his he-boon lips with cake frosting, he continued, "See your girl over there? She's about to pay for 500 years of slavery."

The comment caused the first nigger and his companions to laugh. A look of utter pain swept across Lugh's face, and he started screaming through the tape over his mouth, producing a dampened cry.

"Calm down; I'm going to save some of 'dat ass for you."

Again, this was amusing to the other niggers.

"This cunt ain't nevuh' been piped by a brotha. I can tell the white girl all fancy and racist." said the negress.

The first nigger grinned through the mouth hole of his mask, exposing his yellowing teeth. He slowly approached Lugh's wife, gently caressing her ass. Then bending at the waist, he placed nis nose firmly in her crotch and sniffed her vagina through the white lace panties she had changed into for Lugh, with a giant whiff.

"Smells like a white pussy. Well, don't worry, girl, I'm gonna give ya what ya been missin, what dat white boy could nevuh' give ya, a chocolate drop!" he then laughed and opened a switchblade.

Roughly he cut off the bottom half of Lucy's lingerie, leaving several cuts in her perfect porcelain white skin. The party of niggers had mercilessly jammed her head between two wooden support beams. She stood there limply with her mouth duct-taped and hands tied to the sides of the poles. The second nigger went around to remove the tape from her mouth. With a lighter, he heated a small glass pipe.

"Here, smoke this." he said.

"No," whimpered Lucy.

"Smoke it, and I might let you live a little bit longer." said the second nigger.

Sobbing, she inhaled the smoke. After puffing on the pipe, the nigger violently pushed Lucy's head further down between the beams of wood, causing splinters to lodge deep in her face and neck. He grabbed her hair and thrust his cock into her mouth, gagging her.

"Ain't so fancy now racist white bitch. Better suck it like you mean it too," he said, rivulets of rancid spit dripping from his detestable simian mouth.

The first nigger grabbed Lucy by the hips and thrust his penis, which resembled a brown turd, into her virgin anus. The two niggers passed the crack pipe between them, making the pipe glow cherry red.

As he watched, Lugh strained at the bit and attempted to stand. The veins in his head rose and turned blue.

Meanwhile, the negress began looking into Lugh's large toolbox in the corner. She rummaged around, reaching into the bottom and withdrew a cordless drill. She pulled the trigger while

sadistically looking at Lugh. The she-boon found a bit; and after several minutes of toying with the contraption and trying to figure it out, finally fastened it into the power tool. Next, the negress pulsed the drill a few inches in front of Lugh's eyes. She rubbed the tough bit on his instep and looked to his eyes for a response. Suddenly, the nigger wench plunged the bit into his shin. The screams caused the niggers to burst into uproarious laughter. The negress then wheeled around to Lucy with venom in her eyes. She thrust the machine into the pocket of her inner hip and ground it roughly clockwise for maximum effect. Out of sheer reflex to this sadism, Lucy bit down hard on the second nigger's dick. The wounded nigger whooped out in agony.

"Fucking white whore, you bit me. I'm bleeding — no more, Mr. Fucking Nice Nigga. You made me bleed, and now I'm going to make you bleed. Take the ho out of there partner," said the second nigger. He slowly pulled out a pair of leather gloves. The enraged nigger rolled up his sleeves, exposing a tattoo on his forearm that the others also had.

"Oh shit, you did it now, hun. It would be best if you had never done that. Beat that white girl till she pees herself." said the Negress, nearly jumping up and down with excitement as the groids removed Lucy's head from the wooden vice.

"You don't need teeth to give me head — fuckin' piece of meat." he said, spitting a loogie into her hair.

"Please don't. Have some humanity." said Lucy.

And those were the last real words she was ever able to utter. Every sound that followed were painful gurgles and attempts by her system to breathe and survive.

Mockingly the negress said,

"Have some humanity?' Bitch, please! You just a piece of meat now!" the negress mocked.

The second nigger began punching Lucy's mouth while the first held her by the hair and cuffs like a human punching bag. The muscular groid went about destroying her perfect white teeth shattering white porcelain across the gray concrete. The front teeth came out quickly, snapping teeth from roots with sickening pops. The rest were more challenging and came out after about ten minutes of

constant and heavy blows from the groid's gnarled gorilla hands. He turned Lucy's mouth into nothing but a bloody seeping hole. The second nigger removed his pants and thrust his cock into Lucy's gaping bloody maw, pounding her in the wound with his hips. Lugh's wife mercifully lost consciousness for a moment, and still, the rape and mutilation continued. Every time she regained consciousness, she would look at Lugh and begin convulsing with sobs, her eyes welling in tears.

The negress especially enjoyed herself with the mutilation. She pulled out a cheap blade she kept in her pocket. She began pinching Lucy's nipples as if trying to unscrew a bottle cap. When she was satisfied, the victim had felt the pinch thoroughly; the negress used the knife to cut off the nipples and threw them at Lugh.

"Want those? I'm sorry, but y'alls nipples look like pigs. I did her a favor cuttin' those things off." said the negress.

Lugh was not left alone during this process of human disassembly and humiliation. Though he strained until his wrists were bloody and body badly beaten by one or other of the filthy nigger rapists, there was no getting free. Lugh went through bouts over the ordeal, straining, screaming, and fighting. Then, getting beaten down and drained of blood and energy, he would rest until he regained some strength and consciousness, only to continue the cycle again and again. All while Lucy was reduced to a limp mass of jelly, beaten, cut, sodomized, and manipulated for sick pleasures. The rapists stripped her of all dignity.

"Get the white boy." Said the first nigger.

"If he can stand." said the second.

The second nigger and the negress positioned Lugh behind his wife, roughly pulling down his pants.

"Go ahead, white boy. Yo turn to fuck. Go ahead. See, I'm a man of my word. I left a piece of that white trash ass for you. Better hurry before I change my mind. She is already getting stiff and smelling." said the first nigger laughing.

The idea of what made these disgusting sub animals were asking him to do was sick and made him feel sorrow in the deepest part of his soul. She had expired sometime during the horrific rape. Seeing Lucy's corpse mutilated, her life discarded so casually, the

woman with which he was building his life. All that future happiness - gone. It was too much for Lugh, and nausea rose in his stomach. Nearly a quart of white, bile-laden vomit ejaculated from his mouth onto his bloody shirt. The niggers groaned in disgust and pushed Lugh away.

"Nasty." said the first nigger.

"What are you a fagot? you can't do it?" said the second nigger.

"We're done wasting our time with this one. Cracka doesn't want to have a good time. Get the needle."

The negress produced a syringe and jammed it into Lugh's neck. Everything went black again.

Swollen and groggy, Lugh woke up to the sound of flies buzzing around his head, eating the dried caked blood around his eyes. He found his restraints were gone. The smell of death stabbed at his nostrils. The floor was sticky with scummed blood. Though his vision was blurry, he saw the second nigger alone with a hacksaw, sawing off the head of his motionless wife for a trophy on his workbench. Several feet away, Lugh noticed the nigger's pistol on the table near him. The animals didn't count on him recovering in time to do anything. Lugh quietly got up and grabbed the gun. He squeezed the trigger and started firing until the black slide clicked open, and still, he continued to squeeze the trigger. The nigger writhing on the floor gurgled as blood poured out of his mouth. His eyes froze in the look of surprise. Lugh shuffled to his wife and felt her cold and stiff body, her blond hair was plated in mats and dyed red with her blood and the nigger's cum.

Chapter 2

Lugh stood by the executive suite's impressive office window, in the bask of mid-morning light, waiting for Max to arrive. The glass all around him reached from the vaulted ceilings to the floor at his feet. He could almost imagine walking out into thin air if the window hadn't been there. As he glanced through the window, Lugh could see the city below, crawling like bugs in a glass ant farm. Living automatons were hustling into and around giant decaying monoliths of modernity, which was the city's concrete culture. They were all like him; rootless scurrying creatures. Max's Television company was a sprawling Cthuluian broadcasting and print empire. The center of that empire was this executive suite. Lugh held the position of web producer for Max's network news program. He felt he was a periphery component of Max's empire. However, the older man always made him feel integral to the success of the company. Max had even attended their wedding and given Lugh and Lucy a significant cash gift.

Max entered and greeted Lugh warmly with a handshake and a pat on the arm.

"Sit down; I'm sorry for your loss from this act of senseless violence. Lucy was beautiful. Life can be so random. I'm sorry, I couldn't tell you personally. I was out of the country on business," said Max as he pointed with his fresh cigar.

"Thank you. I know you're a busy man."

"I've always got time for you. Drink?"

"No. I've got mine right here, Maximilian." said Lugh, tapping a half-empty fifth of whiskey in his back pocket.

"Are you drunk? It's only ten a.m." said Max.

"Slightly."

"I'll get right to it, kid. I want you to take some time off."

"I'm fine, there's too much to work to do here."

"Don't try to be a tough guy; you need time to heal. It's only been a couple of weeks."

"Time to heal my inner child? Nothing's going to fix me. I've got prescriptions to deal with this. "Better living through chemistry."

"You're killing me, kid. You can't bury this with your pills. 1 know it's painful, but this is not how you get to the root of your issue."

"Talk to a psychiatrist? I see one."

"Not quite what I had in mind. There's a little place outside of town, a Buddhist Monastery."

"Strange. I used to want to become a monk when I was younger. Before I met Lucy, that is..."

"Well, no one is saying you have to become a monk kid. You're one of my best men. And I'm too greedy to share you with the Buddha. You would be amazed at what the brothers can accomplish in a short amount of time." said Max.

"Now? I don't think so. It's been a while since I meditated. I don't want to examine what's on the inside of my mind right now." said Lugh.

"Lugh, have I told you about my time in the death camps?"

"Yes, you've told me about it. Many times. You lost your whole family in 1943."

"Well, that's part of it. What I'm not particularly eager to share is how my family died. The doctors segregated my family for some special treatment. The Nazis conducted sick inhuman experiments on us all; we were treated like cattle. At night my sisters

and mother were raped by all the guards in front of me. I was old enough to understand what was going on, but too young to do anything about it. It went on for months. My mother and sisters were taken away one day. They were murdered and disposed of when they were too infected with diseases to be used by the doctors. When the Germans incinerated their bodies, they let off multi-colored smoke. I was alone. The doctors transferred me to the main camp, and before long, the Allied Forces rescued us. I don't know how I survived. Years later, trying to make sense of it all, I studied Buddhism, and its teachings saved my life, and I became very successful."

From exhaustion, Lugh started to pass out and nearly collapsed. Max grabbed Lugh's shoulders and directed him to a chair.

"That's it. I'm not giving you an option. You're off starting now for the next two months. See, this is just a result of your clinging to ego attachments that are causing your suffering. You need to destroy the ego. You're on a paid leave, of course. I have your doctor's approval, and your home is taken care of; all the details my secretary will handle. I have a car waiting downstairs."

Lugh put his head in his hands,

"Maybe you're right? Maybe I need this?"

"You're a mensch. I knew you would make the right decision. I can't lose you, Lugh. You're like the son I never had."

"Thanks," said Lugh. After a moment, he got up and began to walk towards the door.

"Forgetting something, Lugh? I am taking those pills. If you still need them, the bottle will be here." said Max.

Lugh, a little embarrassed, placed the pill bottle on the table near the door and left.

***

Lugh arrived on the dusty driveway of the compound around dusk. The monastery was a bygone relic of a decaying school. The central building was fashioned of crumbling red brick and encircled by manufactured homes. In the roundabout, in front of the monastery, stood a proud and giant stupa erected in the center. To say the Tibetan stupa was beautifully painted but seemed a little too gaudy and overbearing for the general aesthetic; was an understatement. It was more like something from OZ crashed into Kansas. His ride left and crunched its way down the dirt road. The silence became distinct, and then the sounds of nature enveloped Lugh's ears. He heard the droning rhythm of crickets.

Lugh knocked on the hollow door and waited outside for a while without getting an answer. Just when he started to walk away to check out the grounds, a weazened old monk hoarsely said something in Tibetan and motioned for Lugh to come inside. He was led inside, through a dark passage, to an inner courtyard. The courtyard filled with painted tapestries of the Buddha in different colors and poses was musty with heat. Inside, plants filled a couple of tables with dirt and tools as if someone had been transplanting. However, the workstation had only one depth of the pot. They were all homologous in size, shape, and weathering. And Lugh could not figure out the point of switching a plant to another similar size vessel, or how it made any improvement for the plant. The rest of the courtyard was a scene of serenity. Someone had arranged the plants to make the space seem expansive, like a forest. The arrangement hid the reality that he was in

a rather cramped space. But it was not unpleasant. Even the heat was not uncomfortable; it soothed Lugh's bones. The frail monk pointed with his gnarled forefinger and yellowed twisted nail for Lugh to sit on a sun-bleached wooden bench. Then the old monk disappeared, and a young monk arrived who spoke English.

"The Abbot Khen Rinpoche will see you now. Did you enjoy the courtyard?" said the monk, making small talk.

"Yes. It's a little warm in there, and it's humid," said Lugh, noticing that the monk wasn't listening, as they walked through the darkened hallways.

"I'll be The Abbott's interpreter. Here is Khen Rinpoche's office." he said, opening the door.

The interpreter took him to the old principal's office of the school. When Lugh first saw the Abbott, he noticed he was a stocky pale-faced Tibetan. His shorn head looked blue with a five o'clock shadow. The Abbott Stoically stared at Lugh with folded arms.

"Sit down." said The Interpreter.

The Abbot's eyes glazed over, and he took a sip of tea. The eyes seemed to be looking behind and occasionally into Lugh. The three sat in uncomfortable silence for five or ten minutes. The clock on the wall stickily ticked away the minutes, accentuating the span in the humid little room.

"I don't understand." blurted out Lugh.

"The Abbot is examining you." said the interpreter whispering, then he continued," He sees your energy bodies — the aura. He can behold everything that has ever happened to you in the energetic bodies, like the Portrait of Dorian Gray. The Abbot can see everything with his wisdom eye. Even if you mean to do us harm."

"Why would I do you harm?"

"Silence, please." said the interpreter.

The Abbott rustled uncomfortably in the sleeves of his robe for a moment, signaling his annoyance at the small interruption. He then continued several more countless minutes staring into the ethereal realm. And at one point appeared to be sleeping, when suddenly the Abbot roused himself, took another sip of tea, then

started writing in a small notebook. Ignoring his guest, he spoke to the translator.

"The Abbot says you broke your wrist when you were young."

"Yes, when I was twelve."

"He also sees your recent loss."

Lugh cast his eyes downward at the corner of the room. The

Abbot sighed and continued speaking to the interpreter.

"The Abbot says you have many blockages, the worst he has ever seen. He doesn't think he can help you.

"I just came here for some rest."

"Abbott says, listen and speak when asked a question. He knows why your Dharma has brought you here. Also, Abbott says you haven't paid yet."

"I had the notion that Max had taken care of everything."

"Abbot says it's okay, there is plenty of work to do here. We don't nap all day."

The Abbot gulped down the remainder of his tea and let out a solitary condescending chuckle. The Abbott then spoke for a long stretch to the interpreter. Occasionally, the interpreter would look at Lugh with a nod and sideways glance. The cadence and tone seemed like the language that a rabbit would speak if it had the ability. The sounds were little bubbly noises coming across more like Morse code than language.

"The Abbot says you can start right away in the kitchen. Now we'll need your clothing. Here are a robe and sandals to put on. We need your cell phone too."

Lugh entered the room across from the Abbott's, where a Siamese cat sat in the middle of the floor. The cat aggressively rubbed Lugh's leg.

"Quite a strange principal you have here, kitty. I don't think your friends here have ever heard of customer service." Lugh cradled

the cat in his arms like a baby for a moment, making it purr warmly, Then the cat swiped at his nose, making him bleed before it sprung away down the hall.

"You either. You're welcome, you wretch," said Lugh.

***

The midday sun warmed Lugh's cheeks and ears as he trekked across the compound, his body covered in filth. His communal orange robe, faded peach from years of washing in the monastery laundry, was hiked above his thighs. Galoshes nearly meeting the knees, made a constant rubber slog with each step.

"Good afternoon Lugh." Came a voice from the gravel parking lot at the main entrance.

"Detective Williams. What are you doing here?" said Lugh.

"It wasn't easy to locate you. Thought perhaps you skipped town."

"No. I've just come here to find some peace."

"Right. It looks to me as if you came here to shovel manure."

"Not originally, the compound's humanure system is one of my duties. The brothers said it was the perfect job for me once they found out I was in the TV industry. Detective, do you have any new information on the case?"

The detective stood up fully and slid a hand comfortably into his pocket. The other he raised his mug in hand and took a giant swig.

"Well, that's why I'm here today: I would like to go over the crime scene with you again."

"What will that help, you already have my statement? But, despite that, I am willing to cooperate."

"A couple of questions, then?"

"Of course."

"Where did you get the assault rifle in your safe?"

"I thought I went over this? The rifle belongs to a friend who moved out of state. He didn't have a place to store it. I guarantee I would never use it. I'm a pacifist. I hate guns. I don't even eat meat."

"You weren't a pacifist when you killed one of the perpetrators — who was unarmed."

"That was all instinctive: my reflexes. Anyway, what would you have done?"

"It doesn't matter what I would have done. The fact is, you murdered the guy before we could question him. And it turns out he was a college student, and it appears he had dreams of being a doctor."

"Lucy and I had dreams too. Remember that, Detective."

"There's something else you should know - Lucy was pregnant."

"No. My wife never told me." said Lugh looking into space dumbly.

"Listen, the fetus was removed, along with the uterus. And this isn't an isolated incident. I checked into it, and there have been several cases fitting this MO. I'm going to need to know your whereabouts for those dates as well."

"Why. I had nothing to do with those other cases."

"Under normal circumstances, I would say it's only a formality, but this is anything but normal. Add to that the assault rifle and your sudden flight to the monastery. And then we found out about Lucy's membership in a sex club. Things are looking a little darker

on your side of the street suddenly," said Detective Williams taking another pull from his coffee mug.

"Lucy was not a member of some sex Club. That's not in her character: You must have her confused with a whore?"

"My source is vetted."

"Oh, a professional liar?!" Lugh slammed his shovel on the pavement and scoffed.

"Since we are on the subject of secrets — care to explain all the drug paraphernalia we found in your living room? At first, I thought the alleged suspects left it all, but now I am not sure. We found a print that belongs to you on one of the pipes."

"I already told you, the attackers brought drugs with them. None of that stuff belongs to me. And if my print is on one of their pipes, it is because they put it there."

"Well, they certainly are clever... I find it odd. Oh, by the by, your blood tests came back, and the drug you said they injected you with was heroin and fentanyl."

"This is insanity. I can't even believe my ears. It sounds like you're insinuating that I am responsible for the murder of my wife and now others. And a dope fiend."

"Relax, you're cooperating, remember? If you have nothing to hide, you have nothing to fear." Detective Williams tapped his watch, "one more thing, don't go anywhere. I have people checking to make sure you don't disappear again."

Lugh opened his arms in disbelief.

"It's like you're punishing me for surviving. I want another detective assigned to this investigation. Someone interested in finding the real killers."

"I will send you those dates for you to confirm later." The detective slammed his car door and sped away.

Lugh stood in the clouds of dust, trying to control his emotions.

"Om mani padme hung, Om mani padme hung." Lugh chanted.

He adopted a Zen state of mind and remembered the Buddhist teachings that ultimately, he had no control over his Karma. *My misfortune all must be some debt that went unpaid, possibly for eons, now come to exact recompense*, he reasoned. Like a dead leaf falling from a branch, he detached himself from his problems. Dissociation eased his anger, but in the recesses of his mind lurked the question: "what about justice for Lucy?"

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As the months passed, the leaves of the green maple near the dining hall, turned to hues of red and yellow. Lugh walked to the dining hall, still groggy, and remembered he fitfully dreamed of Lucy. She was in a circus and had to jump through fiery hoops for a midget ringleader. She was crying naked and humiliated. He shook off the sadness as he began his day.

Lugh started his morning chores in the kitchen. Each of the seventy-five men at the compound would eat, and when done, wash their bowls and chopsticks after their meal of plain rice and pickled vegetables. Lugh scoured the large rice pots and wiped the communal tables. All the routines became a lulling rhythm of life. After his body became conditioned to them, it gave him time to think. Lugh imagined the compound as a giant organism, worm-like. The life form was composed of men in symbiosis with all of the systems and routines of the monastery and nature. He pictured himself as the caretaker of the organism. He began his caretaking with its feeding. The feeding would produce byproducts, such as the dishes and the

human waste essential for the humanure system. Lugh would empty the monk's sawdust, and excrement filled buckets into the many waste bins for most of the day. Once cooked down, the humanure would be used to fertilize the gardens that he and the monks would cultivate in the afternoons.

The giant worm moved through time oblivious to the outside goings-on of the stock-market, news-cycles, or the newest trends in technology, trendy words, and clothing used as vapid masks. It was a culture shock. But these monastic men were somehow more solid and stoic than the flighty urbanite circle of elites to which Lugh was accustomed to pandering. The rootless urbanites were all unmanly feminized men and aggressive career-women future cat-ladies. The males and females were hormonally indistinguishable. As the outside world flitted from one distraction to another in never-ending consumerism, the monastery organism chased its tail in an endless circle, eating, shitting, working, and sleeping. A transcendental worm, ascending in its odd way, in silence, timelessly through space.

What Lugh was considering most of all was an escape from his real world. Instead of becoming a place where he examined his emotional pain, the monastery had become a virtual reality. Something so foreign and far removed from his existence that his problems were now far away. The dreams of the past started to resurface like corpses in a river, and he started getting a strong desire to become a monk. If an individual is placed within a closed system long enough after a time, any new transplant will conform. The perception of reality will change to the default setting of the group. The shift in attitude may occur for many reasons. But not least of which is that humans are a social animal; it's merely typical mammalian behavior. Lugh felt the need to become part of the system in which he found himself. He wanted to grow roots.

He had to speak to someone about this desire and his feeling of new hope in life. And he took his opportunity one evening after dinner.

"Hey, interpreter. May I have a word with you?" Said Lugh as the interpreter passed the kitchen deep-sink.

"I'm busy. Can it wait?"

"I would like to speak with Khen Rinpoche."

"His Holiness the Abbot is busy. I'm a busy man too." But then reluctantly, he said, "I can see if he has some free time next week."

"Well, I need to speak with him if not today then tomorrow."

"Is this about your phone? You are too impatient. You need to find it in yourself to have more perseverance."

"No, it's not the phone. I want to speak with the Abbott, his

Holiness, about something wonderful: permanently staying here."

The interpreter crossed his arms and took a step back with one foot and stood silent for a moment, examining the White man critically.

"I'll set you up for an audience with his Holiness this evening."

"Thank you." said Lugh with a bow, he returned to scrubbing his pots and utensils.

***

Later that evening, Lugh entered the building that housed his Holiness the Abbott. As he rounded the corner of the creaking wooden floored hallway, a distraught young Tibetan male exited the principal's office without looking at him. Exactly the way every other member of the cloister acted around him, in keeping with their strict impersonal manner. Inevitably monks were forced into regular human

interaction with Lugh - direct contact where an injunctive language was necessary — the monk would only look at his forehead. This procedure was in place with almost all the brothers except for Brother happening and had disturbed Lugh a great deal. It troubled him until he realized one day that it made sense. Looking into the eyes was an acknowledgment that one was dealing with a separate egoistic entity, which brought along with it a host of Dramas, attachments, and spiritual energies. Looking into the eyes was an act of intimacy and connection that was of no value to these men whose only desire was to abandon this world for another. They inhabited a plane outside the purview of mere mortals - the smoky and ethereal provinces of the mind. It was abnormal, though, to see one of the monks show any emotion.

"Come in. Shut the door." said the Interpreter.

With a rag in hand, the interpreter started wiping the floor where a desktop plant had fallen. The pot lay shattered in shards of terracotta across the room.

"What happened here?"

"No mind, never matter." said the Interpreter.

Lugh took a seat and waited in quiet anticipation for the Abbott to speak. Much the way he had sat the first day of his arrival, and just as uncomfortably. The Abbot started murmuring in his alien tongue to the interpreter.

"The Abbott sees you have progressed much since your arrival," said the interpreter.

"Yes, with the help of some of the brothers."

"Which ones helped you?"

"Brother Ong." said Lugh casually.

The Abbot glared bewildered. then smoke in high-pitched sing-song tones with the interpreter.

"The Abbot says it's impossible. Ong is only a neophyte. He demands to know who helped you."

"Brother Ong is the only monk to take the time to show me how to properly maintain the systems at the monastery and instruct me on many of my duties here."

This admission made the Abbott and interpreter confer again in a more relaxed manner.

"No, the Abbot was inquiring about your improvement spiritually."

"Oh. Other than showing me a couple of hand positions on a piece of paper with chanting, I picked up on the meditations. You see, when I was younger, I was a serious meditator. I always wanted to become a monk. Life took me on another path."

"What experience you may have outside has no bearing here." said the interpreter, "Now the Abbott would like to know about your mention of staying here permanently."

"Yes. I feel that the work I'm doing here is important. I have overcome some major challenges, and I think it is time to destroy my ego forever. I have realized that all of my suffering in life has been a direct result of grasping. Grasping is my ego's attempt to survive the death of this organism - my body. But how much longer can this body last? Another sixty or seventy years? If I'm lucky. No. I want to sever the roots for good. In my time here, I've been able to glimpse such a glorious and lofty path. I must set myself upon this path: uproot my life and join the brothers. So, that's why I wanted to speak to your Holiness today. Respectfully I seek your guidance and place myself under your direction."

After this, Lugh bowed to the Abbot but felt a hollowness in his words. He felt the loneliness of being at another man's mercy.

After a long pause, the Abbott spoke,

"That just makes me sick," said the Abbott in perfect English.

"I thought..."

"There are many things you thought, Lugh, just like all the White students that come through here.' Oh, great Master, please teach me. Deliver me Oh. Oh.' Fool! And also like the other Whites, you come here smelling of cheese. At least we can get cheese smelling ass from the White females. But you, you are less useful than a dry goat," deficiencies in my character, I am willing to work on them.»

"Abbott, I assure you my intentions are pure. If there are any

"Haha. Are you going to grow tits and suck my little Tibetan cock?" The Abbott held up his pinky finger, wiggling it in the air.

"Hell, no!"

"Then, get out. Kyakpa sa!"

"I'm bewildered right now."

"And I'm confused as to why a cheese smelling White would want to be part of my culture. You have your own culture. You get it now? You can't be a Buddhist. You're a Caucasoid. Tibetan Buddhism is not a multicultural religion for the masses; it is distinctly Tibetan and should remain such. You have your religions. At least we got a little work out of him," he said, smiling at the interpreter. "Lugh, let me tell you, the only way you will become enlightened is to kill yourself and reincarnate as a Tibetan. But a filthy White mongrel like you isn't even worthy of being born as a ball licking Tibetan dog. Ha!" said the Abbot slapping his leg.

"You think you're better than me because you're Tibetan?"

"Oh, we know we are superior. Tibetans created the most spiritually advanced society on Earth. While your people were afraid of shadows in the wilderness, we made spirituality a science. Face it; you're just in it for our secrets and the powers.

"Well, all that spiritual superiority didn't seem to save your advanced society from the Chinese when they invaded your county with our Western weapons."

The Abbot started choking on his butter tea as his face turned. red. He began belligerently cussing in Tibetan as he violently swept off a stack of files on the desk, throwing his teacup at Lugh. The interpreter stood up and looking at Lugh said,

"Just leave, Lugh."

Through the confusion and feelings of self-loathing, Lugh ran across the compound. He had been willing to endure almost hardship to undergo ego death and eventually achieve enlightenment. Lugh was so distraught; he walked back into town along the Old Highway a few feet from speeding trucks. Lugh didn't care if they hit him. The monks had never wanted Lugh there, and he could never become rooted.

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Like gulping down water, Lugh took a long pull off his bottle of red chianti and wiped his mouth with his dirty white sleeve. He put down the bottle and picked up a ruler and pen. He spun and flicked the paper under his fingers. And grabbed the ruler and placed it on the sheet. Then Lugh drew a large "T." He set the ruler to one side. His eyes glanced at a bottle of sleeping pills on the corner next to the table's edge. At the top of the T on one side, he wrote "pros" on the opposite side "cons." Lugh hadn't made a list like this since the age of twelve. He scoffed in spite of himself and took a deep breath. His two glassy eyes gazed at the page.

"Pro: ending my pain."

"Con..."

But the cons did not come. No matter how hard Lugh tried, he could not think of any con to killing himself. He had no purpose and no passion for life. Though he wrestled agonizingly with his mind, he could think of nothing to live for now. His life was one vast empty desert. Screwing his courage to the sticking post, he popped off the pill bottle's lid and swallowed them all in two giant swigs of wine. He used his shirt to rub the human grease off his forehead and noticed a few gouts of blood or wine. He looked up at the TV that glowed softly in the next room and was kept on only so the silence wouldn't drive him further into madness.

"Breaking News: "Hotel staff found the mutilated body ofan ...Breaking News: "Hotel staff found the mutilated body of an African-American male in a hotel room. When housekeeping decided to enter the room..." Said the anchor, his voice wafting through Lugh's house. The scene cut to the Mexican maid.

"...horrible. Blood everywhere, like the movie. What kind of animal would do this?..." The scene cut to a group of men in biohazard suits carrying out garbage bags. Lugh went into the room and turned up the volume. The men carrying the corpse stumbled on the steps. Suddenly a severed black arm dropped out of the bag and fell in plain view of the cameras. The men in the suits quickly recognized the accident. They tucked the limb inside the body bag. But despite hastily inserting the arm into the bag, Lugh noticed an identifying mark in a single frame. He saw a similar tattoo to the perpetrators who killed Lucy. A flood of thoughts rushed into Lugh's mind: *Did the arm belong to one of the blacks that tortured and murdered my*

wife? They deserve much worse. He bit his lower lip and silently watched the scene.

He slumped into his sofa. He noticed a business card wedged between two cushions, a single sliver of paper near his hand. On one side, the matte-black card had a gold leaf embossed phone number on the reverse side, a symbol — the same as the attacker's tattoos.

"What the hell is this?" He said, Dropping the card in shock. He looked at the symbol for a moment and then decided to call it. *What do I have to lose?* he thought.

..Ring. Ring. Ring. Ring. Ring.

"Fantasies, this is Teresa, how may I direct your call?" said the woman.

Lugh immediately hung up the phone. *Fantasies? Could that be the sex club that the detective said Lucy was involved in — allegedly?* he thought. The phone, still in his hands, started ringing, with an unknown number. He let it ring a dozen times before finally answering.

"Hello?" He heard some background noise like shuffling, but nothing distinct. Then he heard the unmistakable sound — a racked shotgun. His heart began racing, and he found it difficult to breathe.

"Who the hell is this?" he said.

"Hahaha! What difference does it make now, you coward-pacifist? You can't even die like a man. And he thought it would be hard to frame you for the murders and have you commit suicide."

"Huh. What the..." Just then he heard from the street, a vehicle screeching. Looking out the window, a black Suburban sped away. The caller had hung up. This synchronicity was overwhelmingly astounding, and Lugh felt the hand of providence. In seconds, he had a sick picture linking his wife's murder to an organized group of some kind. A secret society that had him and his wife in its sites for some time and was able to see him take the pills. He quickly looked around the room. Cameras?

But the pills were starting to take effect. *They probably called because they thought I was as good as dead*, Lugh thought. His vision started shuttering, giving the room and his movement a strobe-like effect. He waved his arms in front of his face watching the tracers.

Instinct took over, and he dialed 911, giving the operator his name and address and the type of pills he swallowed. He ran to the toilet, cramming two fingers down his throat, trying to rid his stomach of anything he could. He had to do one last thing for Lucy before he could end his suffering. *I may be a coward, but I can hang on until 1 tell someone about the group and the plot*, he thought. He retched into the toilet, gagging on the taste of his putrid bile and fighting the sleeping pills' effects.

Chapter 3

Lugh was led to Detective Williams' office by a uniformed officer. The Detective met Lugh at the door with coffee in his right hand. Under his left armpit, he squeezed a tattered and overstuffed blue folder.

"I wasn't expecting to see you here so soon. I didn't think you would come here after last night. I mean tsk tsk a suicide attempt during an active investigation, very interesting. Not exactly subtle." said Detective Williams.

"I don't care about myself or how it looks. I'm not afraid to die, and I'm not playing the victim. Believe me when I say I have no regard for my existence. I only saved myself to obtain justice for Lucy, and to bring a massive conspiracy to light."

"Step into my office."

The office was no bigger than a mop room. Piled on the desk were sloppy stacks of loose papers and files. Among the confused mixture of beige and white papers was one particularly interesting yellow slip of paper. The Detective saw Lugh's eyes fixed on the sheet and slammed the stack in his hand on top of the chaotic avalanche.

Then he shoved the whole works into a steel drawer.

"What was that?" said Lugh.

"Confidential. You can move that mug, by the way."

Lugh moved an empty mug off a corporate gray office chair.

The Detective sat, leaned back in his seat, clicked his pen

several times near his ear, and placed the pen on top of a paper pad.

Though he leaned back, it was still too close. Lugh noticed the Detective's knees nearly touched his own, and if not carefully placed, they would collide.

"Last night, I saw something that changed my mind about killing myself, at least temporarily. You see, the news came on, and I saw the footage of the black dismembered arm falling out of the bag.

There in plain view was the same tattoo as the man I shot in my basement," said Lugh. He grabbed his arm to show the tattoo location for emphasis.

"I would never even think of attempting suicide; Even if I knew all is lost," said Detective Williams. He paused for a moment.

Lugh could tell the Detective was choosing his words carefully.

"Regarding the tattoo. I examined it and found that any similarities were superficial."

"You can't seriously believe that. It has got to be more than a coincidence. I mean, the tattoo is the same. Then, there's the fact that the male was black and died in an excessively violent manner just like Lucy."

"You mean African-American Lugh?"

"Yes."

"What time did you say that broadcast aired?"

"I don't remember."

"What about the time you left the monastery?"

"I thought you had people watching me? I walked home from the monastery, and it took me six hours by foot; not enough time to commit a murder, dismantle the body, and get these blisters on my feet." said Lugh. "Want to take my blisters into evidence?"

"I don't think it's funny," said the Detective.

"Oh, and I'm roaring with laughter over here?" said Lugh, rolling his eyes.

The Detective shifted in his leather chair and laid his right arm on the desk.

"So, besides the tattoo, do you have any evidence of your massive conspiracy?""

"Yes. Right after the news, I received a threatening phone call."

"Right. What happened?"

"I heard a shotgun racking, and the guy on the phone called me a pacifist and a coward. I got the feeling that he had wired my house for audio and video because he knew what I was doing in there. The guy also happened to call after I had taken the pills — immediately. Then the voice mentioned someone who was framing me for the murders, and this someone had the intention from the start to push me into suicide."

Detective Williams rubbed the bridge of his nose between his thumbs and index finger.

"Can you hear yourself right now? That sounds crazy. Who would be that indirect, and to what purpose?"

"Yes, it sounds crazy, but that's what's going on. Whoever orchestrated all of this didn't count on me living long enough to tell anyone."

Detective Williams took a swig of his coffee and looked at Lugh long and hard. The Detective's jaw muscle twitched.

Lugh thoughtfully ran his fingertips over the business card in the pocket of his gray, mouse-colored pants. He lightly traced the rectangular edge. Could he trust the Detective?

The Detective started nodding his head almost as it in agreement for a moment. Then, the Detective started slow clapping.

"Very nice performance Lugh, Bravo."

"What?"

"What a wonderful way to interject yourself into this investigation."

"That's not it at all."

"No. I get it. Start with a suicide, followed by a miraculous recovery. Add a false lead or two to get me looking the other way - and then bang — another grizzly murder scene appears somewhere else." the Detective said, slapping his hand on the desk. "You are squirming like a worm on the hook." The Detective then leaned forward close to Lugh's face. "T love it when bastards like you struggle because, in the end, we always lock you sick fucks up. I don't have enough information now, but when I do, you can bet I'll be knocking on your door. We're getting closer and closer to the root of this smoke and mirror show every day, and the deeper we dig, the more the worm writhes in agony. You know, you must have been right at home in that shit pile you landed in at the monastery."

The Detective rocked back and donned a satisfied grin under his yellowed walrus mustache. Lugh snorted in an attempt to clear the odious stench of Williams' coffee breath from his nostrils. He leaned back, crossing his arms, and realized any effort to assist the police in this situation was utterly doomed to failure. Lugh shook his head from side to side slowly. The Detective had determined that he was guilty.

There remained only the formality of crafting a suitable case against him that could reasonably sway a judge and a jury to put a needle in his arm.

"The more I protest, the guiltier you think I am." said Lugh.

"Will you submit to a polygraph examination?"

"You've already given me two. Is the third time a charm detective? Maybe you can trip me up this time, huh? I'm already guilty in your eyes. I don't know if you're corrupt or stupid." said Lugh.

"That's fine, keep squirming bud."

"I'm leaving."

"We're done for now." Detective Williams slammed the door after Lugh left and picked up the phone. "Clancy, he's leaving." The Detective hung up with the button on the receiver and dialed an extension. "Hey, Jim, this is Williams. Did any of your boys fumble body parts out of a bag after that double homicide?... They did. Okay, did anyone from the mafia, I mean, the media see the arm with the tattoo?... How could you not be sure?... I forgot about our handlers. Did they get footage?... Okay, but there shouldn't be any of their

footage in the media?... Sounds good, if I can prove that the footage didn't air, I have my guy dead to rights."

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Lugh sat in a bus stop shelter a couple of blocks away from the building, sitting and watching couples entering, as he scratched his stubble. Those who passed into the building seemed moneyed, although they wore casual clothing for the most part. Lugh had found the address for the building from an internet search; recalling the name, the woman had answered with the previous night, when he had his revelation. Fantasies. It was a high-end sex club for elites.

"What in the hell were these weirdos into?" Lugh asked himself.

He wavered about whether or not he should go through with what he was about to do. Lugh had no experience with breaking and entering — but who could he trust? Detective Williams and the police had already decided Lugh was guilty, so he couldn't count on the Law to help him. They were useless. If Lugh was going to get justice, he had to do it himself. It didn't matter what happened at that point. Any risk was acceptable if it meant winning justice for Lucy or the countless other possible victims of this conspiracy, Lugh reasoned, as a breeze made the hairs on his arm stand up.

There didn't seem to be any security but a single doorman. Lugh decided to walk around the block and see if there was any other way into the building. He came to the service entrance after about a 10-minute walk. He figured taking an indirect route would be safer.

The fresh air put him at ease, and by now, a sense of calm determination overcame him. The service entrance was dark and deserted. At the end of a narrow alleyway, Lugh saw a pipe leading up to the second story window that was ajar. He scanned the area for cameras and any passersby and saw neither. Lugh ascended the rickety pipe that had almost ready-made, if not grimy, handholds. Lugh smoothly and quietly raised the window. Through the window, he entered a room full of boxes of files. *Perfect*, he thought.

Once inside, Lugh slowly opened the door, which let out to a hallway. Entering the hall, he started checking for unlocked knobs

and found nothing. Eventually, he made it to a set of stairs leading down through the ground floor hallway. Voices and the persistent ding of an elevator drifted around him. As he tried to steady his breathing, Lugh took his time stealthily creeping from the stairs to the opening. Stopping, he listened near a plant stand just inside the door to hear the receptionist greeting guests.

"Good evening Mr. and Mrs. Weinstein. We've arranged your usual accommodations," said the receptionist.

Lugh heard dozens of couples enter the elevator but couldn't figure out where in the building they were going. He hadn't seen any other lights or movement from outside the building. And now that he was inside, he encountered no one and heard nothing on the upper floors. Lugh thought the only logical place for the attendees to go must be down — a basement. Lugh looked around for a stairwell but could find nothing. He started to stand but heard a familiar voice from the lobby.

"Good evening Mister Bloom." chirped the receptionist.

"Just call me Max, sweetheart."

"We have arranged your usual accommodations, Max."

"Good, good. I heard from my friend that we have quite the entertainment tonight."

Lugh recognized his boss's voice and was stunned that Max would have anything to do with deviant sex after the horrific stories he told him. Lugh felt a sour feeling in his gut. He got up from the kneeling position and nearly knocked over the plant atop the stand.

Lugh caught the plant, but the stand dropped, making a dull thud on the carpeted floor. He put everything back in place and quietly made his way back up the stairs. However, the receptionist was alarmed by the unusual noise from the typically quiet area. She had been severely admonished by security to report anything out of the ordinary, no matter how trivial.

The men on the security team were to be taken very seriously. She had once seen them beat a man nearly to death. Nothing was ever spoken about it again. They instructed her to leave for the day. She knew that security was always heavily armed with machine guns under their jackets. The receptionist decided to notify them.

"Hello, there is a package for Mr. Smith in the reception Lobby, in the hallway next to me," she said, using coded language. A heavily accented voice responded.

"We know, we've been monitoring the situation. Just act normally. You did the right thing."

Lugh headed for the room where he had entered. Slowly he crept up and found the door locked. *Fuck. Does someone know I'm here?* He thought. The light in the stairway turned on, and he heard voices speaking some Semitic language coming from the stairs he had just climbed. Lugh found a door that he had missed earlier. It was unlocked, and he went inside the room. Shutting the door, he moved a desk in front of it. The window leading to freedom was painted shut. *It's too late for stealth*, thought Lugh. Grabbing a steel chair, he smashed the window. A deafening alarm went off. Lugh then squeezed through the window frame.

Looking to the pipe, he had climbed earlier; it was now approximately eight feet away. With no other option, he jumped and was able to grasp one of the handholds. However, this handhold was a rusted out piece of pipe. He slid the rest of the way down the building, grasping at anything he could in the rasping fall. Lugh hit the ground with both feet, then fell the rest of the way onto his ass. He winced in pain but started sprinting towards his car, which he had parked five blocks away. The sound of the pursuers was immediately close behind, but he never once dared look back.

Tires squealed as he took off in his vehicle. He was nearly two traffic lights away when he noticed two polished black Suburbans following him. Lugh sped ahead and took a quick right turn. He found another turn and yet another, trying to confuse his pursuers. Lugh took eight random turns in all.

Cautiously, he made his way to the freeway. On the interstate, it appeared the Suburbans were gone. He quickly reached top speed for about 10 minutes then saw the Suburbans again. The Suburbans closed the gap. The drivers came so close that Lugh could nearly make out the men's features. Then, without any discernible reason, the pursuers took the next exit. His heart was still pounding as he entered his house. Shaken, he slumped near the window, occasionally looking through the slats of the blinds. Lugh was unsure whether the men in the Suburbans or the police would find him first.

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White light poured in from all sides. The rays had broken in as Lugh lay near the window. His neck was propped at an uncomfortable right angle against the wall. The brightness and warmth made him jerk awake. Snorting, he was startled to see he had fallen asleep. Lugh shut his eyes and pulled his jacket over his head. Then he instinctively shrunk into a fetal position. He tried to clear his mind and sleep, but the internal dialogue would not stop. He thought, *if I could just find some distraction - find some normalcy*. Lugh stretched his neck and popped it twice. On the desk was a stack of mail that had built up for months. He fumbled with the pile for a few moments. He had thought that Max was supposed to have been taking care of all these things. A lump started forming in his throat, causing him to hack uncontrollably for several minutes. Lugh looked for something to drink as the violent hacking persisted, showing no signs of abating.

In the refrigerator, there were few options. Lugh grabbed a carton of milk and poured a glass. His stomach had been slowly cramping since he had awoken. He poured the milk and took a small sip, he examined the white fluid and noticed a pink tinge to its color. Sniffing the liquid, it gave off no sour odor. So he continued to drink. After a couple of swigs, Lugh scrutinized the glass again. The remaining milk had turned into dark red blood milk. He ignored it. So he rinsed the glass and returned it to the cupboard. Suddenly, he felt churning shards of pain. Abdomen loudly rumbling, he doubled over, sticky with stress-induced perspiration. As Lugh gripped the edge of the kitchen counter like an eagle's claw, his face contorted into a grimace. The sensation continued until he was on his knees. The pain subsided just enough so that he could make it to the bathroom, where he found a bottle of antacids. *There. It's better now; I only needed to walk it off and pop some chalky pills*, he thought, still balling his fists. Just then, Lugh heard a slam at the front door that alerted him. He looked through the spyhole and saw a car speeding away. He jerked the door open, edgy, and angry at the disturbance. *Was that the paperboy or something more sinister?* He thought. Lugh felt gummed muck on the soles of his shoes. He looked down and saw he was standing in a puddle of blood. Next to the pool was the source of the

blood — organs. The wet organs were too much. The false sense of normalcy Lugh desired laid slain — eviscerated like the organs at his feet: freshly harvested human liver, kidney, some intestines, and lungs.

Reality and undulating waves of pain overtook him. The stomach pain from minutes ago now returned at ten times the strength. Through tears, his vision blurred and his body shut down. Perhaps it was his body's vain attempt to cancel out the surreal world it now found itself in, where nothing would ever be the same again. Instead of adaptation and evolution, the organism would seek stasis to protect itself from its already tenuous hold on a reality where the rules were too shaky. Lugh collapsed unconscious on the porch and hit the floor flat, producing a dull thud similar to the sound of raw meat being slapped upon a wooden cutting board.

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The smell woke him up. He breathed in a grotesque mixture of shit on hospital sanitizer. He clenched his fist on the blanket and tried to open his eyes. Lugh's blurry vision was made worse by the searing white-hot hospital room lights.

"Relax. You scared me back there at your place. Good thing I came to check on you and your place when I did. I found you passed out on the ground." Said a gentle voice.

"Is that you Christian? I wish you would have left me there in the filth." Lugh said to his friend and co-worker.

"Where am I?" Said Lugh, Clutching at Christians' arm.

"This is Saint Emanuel Hospital. They're good people here. I had the ambulance take you here. You have been out for a couple of hours now. The hospital was the suggestion of Max. I made a call to Max right after I called the ambulance."

"Max? Did he say anything else?"

"Just that he wanted the best physicians to take care of you. He is out of the country now, or else he would be here too," said Christian.

Lugh thought about it; *I saw him only last night*.

The door to the room opened, and a man in a white coat entered.

"Hello, I'm Dr. Novak. Are you ready for me to ask you a few questions, Lugh?"

"Sure."

"Do you remember how you ended up on the ground»"

"Yes. I saw the organs and blood all over the ground. Then I felt a searing pain in my abdomen. I tried to stand, but my legs wouldn't work; my vision narrowed, and I couldn't see, and I just woke up in this room." Lugh turned to Christian. "what did the police say about the organs and blood? Detective Williams should know by now this proves my innocence."

Christian made an angry, twisted expression. The face he always made when he was avoiding an awkward fact.

"Lugh, you've been through a lot lately. Just relax, you need the rest."

"How can I relax when the murderers are taunting me like this? Would you relax? If half a human corpse was on your porch?"

A brief but weighty silence followed.

"Lugh, there was nothing on your porch." said, Christian.

Lugh sat back quickly as if blown away and looked at Christian with an open mouth.

"I'm going to speak with your friend for a moment, Lugh," said Dr. Novak.

Christian and Dr. Novak spoke outside the door to the room, but Lugh could see Christian through the glass panel on the door's side. He nervously watched the reactions to everything the Doctor said to Christian. An increasingly dour look came over Christian's face. Occasionally, a sideways glance would find its way to Lugh. Briefly, their eyes would meet. He realized they thought he was crazy.

The confidential behavior of the Doctor did not bode well. His mind raced; he desperately wanted out. To run or hide or anything so that he could return to normal. And what's more, he didn't feel safe from the goons that followed him last night.

Dr. Novak returned to the room with Christian close behind.

"Lugh, I would like to keep you here overnight for observation. I have a neurologist friend that can talk to you in the morning"

"Doctor, I feel fine. What I said earlier was, well, I was a little disoriented. I must have just been dreaming up the stuff about the organs. I don't have any delirium, I promise. I do feel a little awkward now. I did have something strange happen; just before I blacked out, I coughed up a mouth full of blood and had severe abdominal pain. Maybe you can prescribe something for that and send me home?"*

"There is no reason to rush. I spoke with Doctor Novak, and he assured me this is the best place in the state for you to be, and his team will take great care of you. Also, Doctor Novak goes to my church. And we have everyone praying for you." said, Christian.

Lugh had been listening, irked by the insistence that he stay at the hospital.

"Pray in one hand and shit in the other. See which one fills up first." said Lugh.

Christian appeared slightly taken aback by this. The Doctor raised a critical eyebrow.

"Doctor Novak, is there any legal reason I have to stay here? Can you force me to stay here?"

"You're free to go after we give you your discharge papers."

"Then have the nurse bring the papers."

"That's fine. I'm prescribing an anti-anxiety drug and something for your stomach. Call me if your condition worsens." said Dr. Novak with an air of professionalism. Before exiting Dr. Novak looked at Christian and said,

"Your friend is distraught. I see the look of fear in his eyes."

Lugh took the IV out of his arm and started to put on his filthy sweat-drenched clothing.

"I think you're making a huge mistake, Lugh."

"I thought you believed in prayer? I don't need doctors if your sweet lord Gebus heals me."

"Maybe he will heal you. Say what you will. At least let me give you a ride home."

"All right. Thanks, buddy."

Lugh avoided eye contact with Christian. The outburst was not like him. But it had probably expedited the process of getting out of the hospital.

***

The pharmacy was only a couple of blocks from Lugh's house. Christian insisted on driving him home until Lugh nearly jumped out of the vehicle at the stoplight next to the pharmacy. Christian started to yell after him but stopped. He had wisely decided he was too volatile and let him go.

Lugh grabbed a cart and started shuffling through the store. "T might as well get the prescription. All I want is to buy something that will help me pass out."

The fluorescent lighting in the pharmacy started to give Lugh a migraine, and he saw colors moving on the peripheral of his vision. His skin had a gray pallor, and there were thick black rings under his eyes. Lugh wandered in the shop absentmindedly. He picked up a couple of boxes of mac and cheese and then threw them in the basket.

In a rear room, a security guard sat nodding off on a stool. He was manning the camera monitors, but the black female clerk watched him sleep from the counter monitor as he drifted in and out of sleep.

"Lazy, motherfucker. Need to get up and walk around, so you don't get tired." said the clerk to herself.

The security guard was yanked off the stool as the clerk momentarily turned around. The seat fell but was silently replaced by a hand in a black leather glove. The archetypal Mammy clerk turned back around without seeing the violent action.

"Good, he only sat there four hours in a row. Good job of protecting the store, we lucky this place ain't blown up. m-huh," said the clerk.

Ambulating in the back of the store, Lugh picked up a box of wine and placed it in his cart, unaware of any disturbances.

Slowly and silently, a serious-looking man slipped behind the clerk. He glared as he grabbed her fat black mouth with a cupped hand and thrust a glinting nine-inch double-edged dagger into the base of her skull. Furiously, he wriggled the knife inside the brain cavity, turning the gray matter into a pudding that oozed out when he removed the blade. He bound, then hoisted Mammy's feet on a nearby display shelf, setting the heels on the shelf brackets. He then spread her arms, forming an inverted crucifix. Under the head, he placed a black porcelain cup that said Happy Birthday, the cranium still dripping skull contents. The serious man then tipped his black Western hat and said,

"You might want to hang on to those cells, ma'am."

The female hung in the air, gurgling and dripping with wide-open eyes. Lugh, oblivious to the outside world, picked up a bottle of melatonin. *Better get the 20 mg,* he thought. But just then, from the corner of his vision, he saw the man in Western wear.

"Must be a country concert somewhere in town." said Lugh.

The serious man in the Western wear then spotted a race traitor pair - a white woman and a Negroid buck. The woman was overweight but not ugly. Under different circumstances, she might have made an acceptable White mother. But she had intentions of defiling her blood and was kissing the groid in the condom aisle — she had already sealed her fate. The man in Western clothing raised his baseball bat and pummeled the groid. The female let out a shriek but was also quickly silenced. The serious man rolled up his white shirt sleeves and knelt on the woman's breast. He pulled a scalpel from his shirt pocket and roughly sliced the woman's face off. He did the same for the groid. In a nearby lawn furniture display, he sat the couple in seats and placed the skinned face of the groid on the female

and covered the bloody facial areas of the groid with the white female's face hide. Through the eyeballs, he placed cocktail umbrellas.

Meanwhile, Lugh looked up from his cart and saw the disemboweled security guard in the aisle. The red stain surrounded the body and spread out over the white tiles in all directions.

"What the fuck? I need to sleep." he said, doubting what he had seen.

Suddenly, he felt a tap on his shoulder, which stunned him out of his reverie.

"Got a light?" said the killer.

Lugh swung around and saw the man dressed in all black save a white collared shirt. He stared into the mesmerizing eyes of the man — pitch-black voids. Lugh felt a type of vacuum as if falling into a black hole - shimmering portals of intense gravity.

"No. Is that real?" Lugh said, pointing at the mangled corpse.

The man in black pulled a match from his breast pocket and struck it on his thumbnail. The man thoroughly stoked his pipe with long pulls of air and made the tobacco glow cherry-red. As he did, Lugh saw that the man's sleeves were stained and glistening crimson up to his elbows. Lugh staggered back towards the security guards corpse. The man in black shook out the match and threw it at Lugh, causing him to stumble in fear, falling over the guard and landing in a pool of coagulating blood. From behind the pharmacy door came a blood-curdling cry as a Korean hag tried to run for the exit. The man in black quickly drew his Colt .45 from his belt and, in one smooth motion, blew half the woman's head off.

"Was that real?" said the man in black, barely breaking his stride as he dispatched the woman.

Two men came from behind Lugh dressed in cloaks like ghouls. One of the ghoulish men threw a black canvas hood over Lugh's head with a drawstring on the bottom; the other man placed handcuffs on him. The men hustled Lugh into a white van. Just then, a sheriff's department cruiser pulled up. A lone Deputy jumped out of the vehicle.

"Stop, Sheriff Department. Hands up now." said the Deputy.

The men in the ghoul robes slowly raised their hands. deputy reached for the microphone on his shoulder. But three shots rang out. The deputy dropped his weapon and fell where he stood.

"I guess I did shoot the deputy, damned pig," said the man in black.

The men all hurried into the van. The van raced from the scene of the carnage. One of the ghouls ripped the hood off of Lugh. The man in black's face was illuminated by the striking of a match. The match went out, and he removed the duct tape on an overhead light. Smiling, the man stared at Lugh with beady eyes. Lugh began struggling in his cuffs. The man in black pointed at the ghoul then at Lugh. The ghoul struck him on the head with a cosh.

"Goodnight, Lugh." said the man in black.

In the distance, a massive explosion rumbled and brightened the night sky.

"Another star is born." said the cowboy, making a great mushroom-cloud of pipe smoke with his pursed lips.

The demolished pharmacy burned throughout the night.

Chapter 4

The thwack of thick steel bluntly hitting a cutting board rang out, followed by the wet smacking noises of an animal masticating. The man in black cut another piece of meat on his massive wooden butcher block. He threw it to one of his patiently waiting German Shepherds. The dogs had beautifully placed black and gold markings that shimmered when they moved. Adroit at their Master's game; the stalwart canines seldom needed to move more than a few inches to catch the flying meat. One dog waited patiently as the other grabbed the succulent flesh treat out of the air. As for the room, it was large and the succulent flesh treat out of the air. As for the room, it was large and dark and furnished in a masculine style of the Wunderkammer. Lavish bookshelves of burled oak built into two walls reached the vaulted ceiling. The other two walls had paintings, lighted curios, and various weaponry. The curios; of the middle Victorian era, were filled with ghastly contents. Some of them holding human and animal remains, others holding shrunken heads. And one shelf kept a severed human head, pickled, with the flesh still intact, bloated and floating in brine. The shelves displayed Implements of a bygone era, such as camera obscura, stereo viewers, sabers, and firearms dating back to the Civil War. Still, other shelves held implements, fetish pieces, accouterments of high magick, as well as objects that one would see in a department of antiquity basement storage or a Hittite garage sale. The general darkness in theme carried over to the furnishings as well. Lugh laid asleep on the daybed in approximately the center of the room. Hearing the strange, smacking noises woke him, and he slowly started rubbing his head.

"Oh. My head." Lugh said, muddled.

The man in black, noticing his captive waking, removed his butchering apron. His companions, who were playing the raw meat game, immediately left as he opened the door for them. The man in black donned a velvet, malevolence in red smoking jacket trimmed with stately black piping. He reached onto the desk where he picked out a bone-white hornpipe from a rack. Lighting the pipe, he waved out the match and took a seat behind his desk. He held the immaculate piece in his mouth and took small soothing puffs while staring at Lugh. Suddenly Lugh jumped. In his mind's eye a flashback of the events leading him to this point played out. He opened his eyes only to see the violent man from the pharmacy now across the room.

"You seem perplexed." said the man in black.

"Not a lot frightens me anymore. But I am a little surprised to be alive," said Lugh.

"We haven't been properly introduced. My name is Dük, Dük Rütten."

"My name is Lugh."

"I know."

"Why didn't you kill me too? I'm a witness."

"If I wanted you dead — you can use your imagination."

"It doesn't matter anymore. I have very few reasons to live and many reasons to die.

"One of those reasons have something to do with finding out who's behind the murder of your wife?"

"I did want some Justice for Lucy. But I'm confused now."

"That's for sure, boy." said Dük, as he started tapping out the contents of his pipe. He removed the filter. Then with a slender brush, Dük thoroughly cleaned both mouthpiece and Bowl. After reassembly, he dug into a black leather pouch of fresh tobacco. He narrowed his eyes, and calmly, he tidied up all the loose fringes and fired the pipe.

"You're here because you have been on a journey for truth. You have been on that journey for a long time. After Lucy's murder,

it took a more direct route. And you're still looking for the truth? Yes?"

"Yes."

"The organization that killed and brutalized Lucy and committed the other murders is called the Kehilla or the Qahal. " said Dük taking a long pull on the pipe.

"Sounds Semitic."

"It is."

"But why?"

"The reasons are multifarious. Other than liquidating the White race, the most important thing to them is raw power. Power through magick."

"I don't get it."

"You will."

"So you're telling me Lucy was raped, tortured, and killed in front of me for magickal powers, in some genocidal race war?"

"Wasn't there something missing from Lucy?" said Dük.

"Our unborn child. How could you know about that? That was confidential information not released to the public?"

"I didn't know until just now. But I had some intuitions. 'Know yourself and know your enemy and you will be victorious in a thousand battles.'"

"So, it's some sick cult?"

"The sickest. The kind that has its tentacles latched into ever sphere of world power and in ten ha he parasite, known in commo, parlance as the Jew."

Lugh rubbed his temples, pulling back his eyes slightly into slits.

"So a guy in a cowboy costume, who just murdered a bunch of people in a pharmacy, is telling me it's the Jews behind a massive conspiracy. And for some reason, they sent a gang of young blacks to kill Lucy and steal her fetus for black magick?"

"I think you summed it up quite well." said Dük.

Lugh slumped forward, and his forearms draped on his knees with languid limp wrists.

"What kind of rabbit hole did I fall into?"

"Notice anything different about yourself?" said Dük, smirking.

"No."

"How about your belly?"

"No pain. My stomach feels normal; It must be the medicine the doctor gave me."

"No. Exorcism. I threw that so-called "medicine" away. Your disease is spiritual, not physical. You had a severe spiritual abscess in the abdominal area that I had to remove. Someone put a mighty destructive curse on you slick, only one man could have cast that. You must have gotten too close to the Kehilla without knowing it."

"Fantasies?" said Lugh.

"That would be a front business for the Qahal. Did you see anyone you know there?"

A chill went up Lugh's spine. Dük had intuited what was on his mind — Max. *Why had he been there*?

"My boss."

"It is my guess that the Kehilla was content to pin the murders on you, and generally put you through the meat grinder, until you saw Max. Max is key to the Kehilla."

"Max? He's just a businessman."

"He's a lot more than that to the Kehilla. Max has probably been grooming you for years. Aryan fetuses fetch a hefty sum. To the sorcerers of the Qahal, fresh Aryan blood is more powerful than any other kind. And a fetus?" Dük whistled." They love those."

"This is insane." said Lugh.

"Yes, it is. Drink?"

"Yes."

Dük walked over to a bar where there stood several crystal decanters.

"Whiskey?"

"Yes." Dük handed Lugh a neat whiskey.

"Wild Turkey."

Dük sat directly across from Lugh in a black leather wing-back chair adorned with hand-carved goat heads at the end of each armrest.

He crossed his legs at the ankle.

"How did you heal me?"

"I siphoned the malignant energy out of your stomach and placed it into one of my implements in the curios - at no charge to you, of course. I can use it for another purpose.

"And the symbol on the black guy's arm that fell out of the bag?"

"It's the symbol of the Kehilla dogs of war. They are the Jews' property."

"When I snuck into Fantasies, the men who followed me spoke Hebrew."

"That's a special division of Mossad. They work directly under the Kehilla."

"If they were Mossad, why didn't they follow me all the way under home and kill me?"

"They're trying to be discreet. Besides, it's more interesting for the Qahal to watch you squirm. Yes, they want you dead, but they just can't put a mafia-style hit on you. That would cast some doubt on whether or not you were solely responsible for the string of homicides. So, they use Magick. Magick leaves clues perceptible only by the adept."

Lugh downed the hooker of Wild Turkey and stood.

"I want to go confront Max about his connection to all of this." said Lugh.

"I'm afraid that is impossible, Lugh."

"Why? Are you holding me prisoner?"

"No. You just took approximately 2,000 hits of Soma. It's called a "thumbprint." I coated my thumb in pure Crystal Soma and swirled it into your drink. If I were you, I'd get back on that couch and hold on tight."

His legs froze in their tracks. The drug felt like lightning coursing throughout his body. Suddenly the floor was wet, and rivulets of water dripped from the ceiling onto his forehead. He barely made it back onto the couch. He closed his eyes as a multi-tentacled Kraken swallowed him whole. Lugh fell repeatedly through a myriad of tunnels.

"I'll see you at the crossroads, Lugh."

***

Lugh opened his eyes and was blinded for a moment. The worlds had stopped spinning. He now felt a relative sense of normality, though he knew the Liquid Lightning still raced throughout his clear light body. His eyes adjusted, and an enormous blue sky bled in and replaced the vast void of whiteness. At the sky's edge, cliffs and mesas soared.

"Rise, Lugh Speer." said a voice, not booming but close.

Lugh rose from the couch, and as he did, it receded into the desert sand like a sinking ship. Two rattlesnakes Slithered past, and just then, Dük appeared and circled in front of him. Lugh noticed that and under his skin as if it was sand. Dük's body slithered with black snakes that undulated in and out, over and under his skin as if it was sand.

"I dosed myself so that I could follow you into the spirit world." said Dük.

Lugh nodded his head though not understanding.

"You have reached the acausal plane. You can decide your true desire here." Two red buttons atop two white doric pillars rose out of the sand as he spoke." The button on your right is your internal

suicide button. Everyone has this built into their mental circuitry, in case life in any world should prove too difficult. I am aware that you have come close to pressing that button many times. If you decide to press it now, the ride stops, your body dies, and your migration continues. You take your place on the great mandala as it blazes through the spheres?" Dük motioned to the second button. "The button on this side contains more suffering and sadness. But also the truth and the justice you desire."

Lugh stood motionless, contemplating his future for a moment on the shimmering desolate plane.

"I feel like I have a duty to Lucy...that she didn't die in vain." Lugh pressed the second button.

Dük grinned and said, "It's a start."

Dük snapped his fingers in front of his face. Suddenly, the ground opened beneath their feet, and they fell into immense tunnels. They spiraled past gigantic machines in decaying galaxies and burrowed into ever-deepening yantra-mandelbrot sets of alien vignettes. Finally, they arrived in a glen, surrounded by a total sensory onslaught of sunlight and fresh air. Lugh knew he was still inside the trip, for he could see the edges of his vision corrugating and bubbling with energy, but now the substance did not touch his mental clarity as it had for what seemed like a millennium...or perhaps it was only hours. The current vision was a soft green valley, surrounded by the most glorious green velvet hills. The scene warmed Lugh's heart as if he had returned with nostalgia to a bucolic childhood home. The sound and smell of sheep suddenly surrounded him and caused him to look around.

"Do you know where you're at Lugh?" said Dük. His body was more stable now with an occasional snake slithering under his jacket.

"No. But it's beautiful."

"We're back on Earth. But When on Earth is the question. Come with me."

Dük led Lugh to a thatched-roof cottage where the shutters were open. Inside sat a young woman, her breasts out, nursing a newborn red-headed baby.

"It's one of your ancestors. Come closer; she won't see you. We're on a different time-frequency."

"Amazing."

"Yes, it is. But there's a problem. The mother is feeding the baby poison along with the milk."

"I don't believe you. I see the love in her eyes for the child."

"Don't believe me, huh? Listen to the hymn she coos to the boy."

The mother Softly sang a song to the child. Lugh knitted his brows together as he listened.

"It seems to be a sweet soothing melody to me."

"Yes, because your spiritual eyes and ears are blocked. You are filtering that ugly cacophony of noise through your residual enemy programming and alien spiritual implants. Like most of the White race, you're spiritually blind, Christian or not; you have Jewish psychic excrement in your eyes and ears. Here, let me enlighten you."

Dük placed his left hand on Lugh's crown. At first, he felt a lovely warm feeling throughout his body. His spirit rose as if ascending. Heavenly music surrounded him. Then his spirit was thrust down. His ears began burning with a high pitched metallic noise like furiously crumpled aluminum sheeting, and over that, a persistent electric router sound. Lugh glanced at the woman and saw what the Spiritual poison was doing to the baby. The music hacked away at the infant's spiritual arms and legs like cleavers and infested his eyes, mouth, and ears with maggots. Dük attempted to speak over the noise, nothing, save the sound that sapped his soul, could enter his ears.

Dük quickly snapped his fingers, sending them reeling through cavernous tunnels. The journey ended with both men standing in the back of a large medieval cathedral, with soaring vaults, colorful windows, and the smell of frankincense.

"Is that better? The Jewish programming here is watered down a bit with pagan architecture, ritual, and symbol. However, it is just as insidious. They even took the communion water symbol of the Sun."

"What did you do to me back there? And what the hell was happening to the child?"

"I told you I opened your spiritual eyes and ears — and all of your power centers. From now on, you'll be sensitive to Jewish programming. Almost as if you have a pair of x-ray glasses."

"Why do you keep calling it Jewish? Everything you have shown me is Christianity."

"No, you still don't get it. Christ-insanity is a Jewish spell, a program, an operating system if you will, that has infected the White soul. The garbage mental matrix has hobbled countless generations of the Folk: White Pagans. Look there how they take the body of Christ; see how it poisons them."

Lugh looked with his clear spiritual vision and saw how the congregation took the host, how it slithered down their throats, infesting their souls. The energy from the cracker appeared to him as slop from a pig's ass as it rushed down the chins of the spiritually blind church parishioners. Their spirits, like withered fetuses, writhed in pain, as the spiritual poison splashed them like a powerful caustic substance. And inside their human husks, their White souls cried to escape. Due to their strong delusion, the flock perceived the caustic slop to be a beneficial feeling of piety; while their spirits retched in extreme abhorrence. But then Lugh noticed something else that piqued his wonder.

"Why do some lack a soul? said Lugh.

"Not everyone is born with a soul. Those are the born thrall. Another reason that Universalist religions for the masses are merely comforting fairytales — it is only the elite who can ascend. For the souls, they are as a reed programming. See there, the Priest soulless, nothing — as empty as a reed."

"What causes some to be born without a soul? said Lugh.

"Mostly, it's caused by an admixture of non-human or subhuman non-White. Although in rare circumstances, a pure White can be born without a soul. The reason why the Jewish spell and programming affect Whites more than subhumans is: the subhumans are only animals and don't take the programming seriously. They are content to follow the exoteric forms of spirituality."

They stood for a moment and watched the parade of delusional slaves gulp their hideous portion of Yahweh's corpse, a cruel blasphemy of their Aryan souls. Dük took long, thoughtful pulls on his pipe.

Dük snapped his fingers again, and the two were carried through miles of tubes. They arrived in a hive of office cubicles abuzz. with activity. The rows of cubicles surreally stretched out into alternity in every direction fading into blackness.

"Drones. Slaves of modernity. They have lost almost all spirit. And what's left is sucked dry from their teat like so much cattle. Some could break free if they wanted. However, by this stage, most of this buzzard bait is so hopelessly interred; there's no possibility of extricating them. The greater part of their mental and spiritual power fueled the Jews' death grip on the world. Ironically, all of the drones believe the Jewish domination and control systems are an organic part of their identity; in reality, it is their yoke of enslavement and death for themselves and their people." said Dük.

Lugh smoothed his face with his hand silently for a moment. He felt thoughts like currents of energy slithering under his skin.

"So religion and materialism mislead us. So what? I mean, it's the old Protestant work ethic that has built Western Civilization, right?"

A wrathful look of disdain snaked across Dük's face. Then he smiled slightly.

"Through oceans of blood and tears, your people have fought for the right to exist, and you attribute their success to a non-existent mad rabbinical figure that teaches them to turn the other cheek? No. It's in spite of the Jewish programming that Western man has achieved his bloody throne of rightful honor. Consider for a moment how advanced the White man would be today if generations of his ancestors had not been hobbled from the cradle to the grave for the past two thousand years. Think of the Jewish cancer that rotted Rome from the inside out. Think of how many lives were lost, sending already malnourished Europeans to tight fruitless wars for the Jew in their heads. And think, where would Western man be without the polished shackles of liberty, equality, fraternity?"

"I see." said Lugh.

"Indeed, the human race; and when I say 'the human race,' I'm talking about White stock, has been very resilient. But there is something more now, something insidious that will make all of the Folk's struggle come to naught — the blood. The toxic Jewish schemes, conspiracies, and programming have progressed to the point of blind universality. Where men and women take breeding partners that nature never intended. Whites willingly take partners from the bestial subhuman groups. If allowed to continue, this defilement will have the most catastrophic consequences on humanity. The offspring of such unions are an abomination against natural law and suicide to the White race. Forever lost is the precious Aryan blood of the offender's line; in effect murdering all of their future White children. This abomination greatly pleases the Jews and is the linchpin of their plan. For the White perpetrators of this betrayal, death is too gentle of a reward. Race traitors will face the most severe punishment for their treason."

Dük snapped his fingers again, and the men arrived on a cliff overlooking a ravine. On the other side was a giant glowing cube.

"What is it?" said Lugh.

"Orthogonal to the human realm is the Cube of Sorrows. The Jews perversely refer to it as 'Heaven,' "Zion,' or 'New Jerusalem.' Gentiles conditioned under the Judaeo-Christian web, or mental matrix, are drawn to the Cube after death. Its dimensions are in the book of Revelation. What they don't want you to know is that the Cube is a giant battery. Jews don't have what you would call a soul exactly. The Jewish alien soul usually can only survive outside the body for approximately seventy-two hours without an energy source.

The dead Jew can continue only as a thought-form-phantom. The phantoms are simply a collection of memories and thoughts or tendencies. They're known to humans as shadow folk or hungry ghosts. Typically, these hungry ghosts would lead a pathetic existence living off the energy of lower life-forms such as blacks, shit-skins, insects, animals, and even each other. However, with Aryan souls to leech upon the Jew can survive cons. And with the reserve energy, they cast a powerful glamour that they are gods and angels. The Aryan souls in the Cube suffer every imaginable torture and debauchery. And the Jew scum are continually reminding the captives that their children will soon join them in this perennial holocaust and ritual torture."

"Why can't the Aryan souls escape?" said Lugh.

"The Jew Cube is protected by a powerful parasitic thoughtform. The Aryan souls are kept in a constant state of confusion and bondage bled dry of their essence. The Jews refer to it as

"'Worship.' The Trapped Aryans still think their precious Jesus will save them one day."

"Is Lucy in there?"

"Any Gentile infected by the Jewish spell can wind up in that foul place."

Dük snapped his fingers again, transporting Lugh through the tunnels. They came to a primeval forest on the banks of a river. A large tree stood nearby glimmering. There were three large roots of the tree extended down into the water.

"There's not much time now." said Dük as he knelt by the Water's edge, looking deep down into the roots. "The stranglehold of the Jews on the Aryan race is almost complete. Much blood is lost.

Extermination in body, and enslavement in soul is their goal. The Qahal may keep some "light-skinned" quadroons around for breeding programs and for trade with the gruesome sea of mud beings, in order to maintain their power. But that too will only last until the subhuman hordes turn on their Jüden masters; and that will happen faster than any Jew wants to believe," said Dük.

"What can be done? It seems like with the level of sophistication they possess; there's not much we can do to stop their plans at this point." said Lugh.

"Good. You were paying attention. Given enough time, the White race could catch up with the level of sophistication that would meet or surpass that of the Jews and their hordes. It's time that we don't have. We don't have a thousand years or even fifty years to seek a political solution. Maybe a hundred years ago it would have been possible without much bloodshed." Dük Looked seriously at Lugh and continued. "No. We can't surpass their scheming — but we can kill them."

"If this is a battle waged in spiritual realms, why can't it be fought on the astral plane? Why kill at all?"

"Is killing not spiritual? Is sacrifice profane? To sacrifice the blood of one's enemies to the gods is a devotional rite, and an Aryan's inviolable sacred duty. Yes, some work is necessary on the spiritual planes of existence — but such things only lead the way to the physical, bloody, and brutal glory of racial holy war."

Lugh looked on in wonder at the massive, magnificent tree. As the green rolling glen had earlier inspired emotion, he now felt a tremendous sense of nostalgia. Something stirred inside as he watched the brilliant colors fascinate over its surface. The tree seemed to breathe.

"What is this tree?"

"It is the Yggdrasil — the tree of perennial life and rebirth and regeneration. It's also the symbol of my order — the Meta-druid."

"What is that?" said Lugh.

"The Meta-druid line was established when the first of the alien Jews infested this planet. The pagan gods of your ancestors established defenses against the corrupting influence of the Jew. For each generation of the Folk, there descends a torchbearer for the race. The Meta-druid is incarnated and equipped with the power of magick — and with the power and authority of the Adversary. With malicious, murderous intent, they are sent to protect the White race."

"Which Pagan God does this?"

"The most powerful and feared of all pagan gods; known to you as — Satanas. And the preeminent Lord of Darkness is attended by his demons."

Dük looked up at the sky, and a column of unholy black fire descended upon him. The fire spread like hot oil in a pan and engulfed the entire forest. Dük tilted his head back and laughed in ecstasy. Between the shadows of the forest floor rose a host of ghoulish gliding spirits. The astral beings were slowly assembling everywhere. Some passed by him, others through him on their way to the Yggdrasil. When they moved into and then out of his core, they impressed the sickly and angered last thoughts which occupied their minds during the moments before death. Waves of emotion washed over him.

As they approached the tree, the unearthly creatures fell before it as if newly slain; some writhed in agony, and some let out

only a whimper. These were enemies of the White race, sacrificed to the great tree, which now took on a decidedly sinister hue like a cloud passing overhead.

At some point, Lugh lost consciousness; he slowly woke up and noted that he had re-entered the magnificent study where he had started the voyage. He rubbed his face and felt thick bristling red stubble. How long have I been here? A week? Lugh thought. He looked around the room, and everything had taken on a scintillating spiritual quality. He attempted to get up but was still deliciously stoned. There were writing and drawing utensils, drawing pads, and every weight and thickness of pencil colored pens and markers on the table next to Lugh. The art tools enticed Lugh. He felt a strong desire to express himself to convey the knowledge he had gained through the experience.

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Murmuring and buzzing conversation filled the packed theater. The lights dimmed, and all of the attendees hurried back to their seats. The pianist started to play, "Jesus Loves the Little Children." A beam of light sliced the darkness as a door cracked open. The children sang,

"Jesus loves the little children

All the children of the world

Red, brown, yellow

Black and white

They are precious in His sight."

Slowly the children walked up the stairs onto the stage, followed by their teacher. The last child in line fell on her robe. The teacher quickly picked the child up as the audience let out a collective sigh of adoration. The children formed a line at the front of the stage dressed in white robes, five boys and five girls. One of the other children innocently wandered out of line. The teacher stood over the child and seemed to be scolding him as the music played. Suddenly, the teacher slapped the child sharply. The audience laughed, mildly amused. The teacher then shoved the child into place in line. The pianist finished the song with a flourish of trills. The boys bowed, and girls curtsied, their blue eyes twinkling and blonde locks shining

under the bright stage lights. The audience applauded as the pianist then started another tune. And the children clasped their hands prayerfully and began singing in Hebrew. The children formed a circle around the stage, and a sizable metallic hoop lowered slowly to just above their heads.

The music stopped. A single spotlight turned on and illuminated a podium to the side of the stage. A small figure began ascending a set of stairs leading up to the podium. With some trouble, the character made it to the top. Only the head was visible to the audience. The figure tapped the microphone as it slightly squealed The diminutive figure put his palms facing up and intoned a Talmudic prayer with much emphasis and phlegm. The creature then straightened some notes on the podium before continuing in English.

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to the Foxman theater. I hope you enjoy tonight's presentation thoroughly. I know, will. We've got a lot of new talent lined up for you. However, let us take care of some business first. I am regretful to have to announce the tragic passing of a few of our honored tribe members. These were members in good standing, therefore, eligible for full honors and induction into the abode of our great ancestors. All of these dearly and recently departed worked tirelessly for our people. All had servants' hearts. Especially Judge Ginsburg. Her family is here tonight, 1 understand. Shalom. It is customary to perform The Rite of Blood Libel. This hallowed an ancient practice will allow the dearly departed to take with them the energy they need, to live on not only in our hearts and minds but also in spirit."

The figure paused and grabbed a small hooked knife from the podium. The dwarf then Slashed his hand, which began slowly oozing blood.

"I, Yeshua The Immortal, call forth the names on this list now to be present to claim your reward."

Five shadow beings materialized and stood around the children in the center of the stage. Yeshua gave a signal and nodded to a stagehand. The metallic hoop hovering above the children's heads sprouted wires from its tube-like form. The wires dangled in circlets in front of the children suggestively. Two stagehands hurriedly placed the thin wire nooses over the children's necks and cinched them tightly with locking washers. The snares pinched and pitched their heads to the side.

The children docilely accepted the rough treatment — they had learned it is better never to resist. Yeshua flipped open a box on the podium, inside was a tiny black dial. He fingered the dial with his stubby digits. He then started singing in Hebrew and encouraged the audience to do the same with his free hand. They all knew the words. Yeshua turned the dial, raising the Aryan gentile children off the stage to dangle. The children began clawing at the wire around their necks in pure futility. The device only slightly lifted the children off the ground, this intensified their desperation and caused their arms and legs to flail wildly, dancing like mad angels. The children spun on tiptoe. With the dial, Yeshua slowly increased the height. The smallest girl who had only minutes ago tripped on the stage now started gushing blood from her eyes and neck. Many of the children began pissing and shitting themselves. Their feces and piddle were flowing out the bottom of their robes. Yeshua pushed another button on the control unit that jerked the giant ring ferociously upward. This action, in turn, dropped the children, snapping most of their necks. The audience responded by a sustained standing ovation.

"Yes, friends, you may depart for the other world now. Thank you for your service. Yahweh will meet you with open arms. This day you shall be in paradise with my father. And take these spotless calves with you to satisfy your every desire." said Yeshua, giving leave of the shadow figures.

With a handkerchief from his pocket, Yeshua patted the sweat from his brow.

"I feel like I'm in a schvitz," Yeshua said

The audience laughed.

"May I have a volunteer from the audience?" said Yeshua.

The audience became deathly silent. A spotlight began to scan

the audience in a sideways eight pattern.

"Right there." said Yeshua.

The light stopped on a fat Jew in the third row back. The fat Jew squirmed in his seat and pulled at his tight tuxedo collar.

"Come on up; we're all family here. Don't be shy." said Yeshua, his lips curling at the edges.

The sweaty fat Jew scanned the theater exits and noticed the armed guards standing at all the doors. The Jew dejectedly slumped in his seat and stared frozen into space.

"Am I going to have to make you?" said Yeshua.

But the fat Jew would not move. The guards started to walk towards the stolid Jew. However, Yeshua waved the guards off and smiled. The guards stopped and looked at Yeshua. The dwarfling held up his left hand and pointed the middle finger out at the Jew like a gun.

Yeshua stared at the fat Jew with utter contempt as he mouthed a chant silently. The fat Jew popped out of his seat, and his muscles stiffened to almost complete rigidity and contraction. The Jew's eyes rolled back in his head, exposing only the whites speckled with red.

Then the man began unnaturally walking towards the stage. Some of the audience members found this humorous and giggled. The fat Jew stomped onto the stage. All the while, Yeshua was pointing at him and chanting his spell.

The fat Jew reached the center of the stage and stood rigidly. Yeshua drew his finger in and made a fist while maintaining his chant. Through the sheer force of concentration of his will, Yeshua broke the bones of the Jew's knees. The Fat Jew's legs then began making loud, popping noises. Both knees broke, giving way to the immense pressure of his weight. The fat Jew fell on his massive nut cover. Both feet touched his thighs as he moaned in pain. Two of the stagehands gathered up the blubbering pool of excrement off the floor and heaved him onto a giant table they had wheeled onto the stage behind him.

They spun the wheel around with the fat Jew shackled to the top.

"The Wheel of Fortune." said Yeshua. The stagehands then raised the wheel, so it was visible to the audience. Clearing his throat, he said," How did we end up here today?" Yeshua looked from the fat Jew back to the audience." "Greed is good' to paraphrase Gordon Gekko. But greed is one thing, and amongst us, the rat nosed Jews, it is to be expected, even one to another of our tribe. For it is not our great love that binds us together. No. It is our hatred — hatred for the outsider: the Goyim, that fastens us. But to pay protection money to the gentile resistance movement? That any Jew would give a cent to

a goy is treason against our blood and covenant. Betrayal, I cannot forgive! For your lack of loyalty, you will choose your fate from the wheel."

One of the stagehands took hold of the wheel and spun it powerfully. Sequentially the light bulbs lit and trailed the fat Jew's journey around the wheel. He slowed as the red triangle ticked by the titillating deaths; electrocution, crushing, cat-o'-nine-tails, the bath of flies, and human cinnamon roll. Finally, the triangle clicked on the last peg and rested on a glittery "Daily Double," The audience gasped after holding their breath in anticipation. One of the stagehands brought the placard to Yeshua.

"Very exciting. Strappado-rattlesnakes." announced Yeshua as he held up the card.

The children who had been lifelessly hanging behind the unfolding scene were raised and hidden to the audience. On cue like well-oiled machines, the stagehands rolled out a giant terrarium full of rattlesnakes with sand at the bottom. The stagehands deftly removed the fat Jew from the wheel and tied his hands behind his back while he whimpered on the floor. A boom affixed to the side of the terrarium lowered a hook by remote control. Within seconds the fat Jew was stripped of his clothing with scissors. They hoisted the naked perspiring Jew into the terrarium with his toes dangling over a patch of rattlers. Several of the snakes brushed by his toes, tasting the air around the limply hanging appendages. Finally, a snake who noticed the foul-smelling fat Jew from the start, believing his penis to be a mouse, struck out and latched onto the foul member. The sudden attack caused a chain reaction of biting. The snakes went into a frenzy, striking the man dozens of times. The naked foul-smelling fat Jew screamed and flailed as the audience clapped approvingly of the scene. Stagehands wheeled the terrarium off stage.

"We will be checking on our special audience member shortly. But now for the moment, you've all been waiting for." The house lights dimmed, and a drum roll started. Yeshua continued, "From the concrete jungle of Detroit, back from his latest hunting expedition, the king Pharaoh! The nigger who was born in the Deep South but was raised way up North, Gideeeeonnnn!!!"

Egyptian music began to play, and a dromedary with a bedouin walked across the stage. Behind that, a giant gilded sedan chair carried on the shoulders of seven naked white girls paved its

way forward. On the chair sat a muscular black man wearing an Egyptian pharaoh headdress, several thick gold chains, a robe, and sandals. A white woman stood above him and fed him grapes that he gnawed at with his sharp filed teeth. Gideon raised his hand and pulled a cord tightening the choke chains around the elegant necks of the human conveyance. The women stopped, and at his command, they knelt in unison, lowering the sedan chair. Two slave girls took the robe off of Gideon's massive frame exposing his glistening oiled body. Being the consummate showman, Gideon began flexing his arms and back and pectoral muscles playfully for the audience. The two slave girls kneeling at his feet began rubbing his thighs and buttocks and lifting his loincloth to puff his penis. The more aggressive white slave girl, who appeared no more than 13 years of age, ran her mouth up and down Gideon's uncircumcised member and revealed she was absent of any teeth.

Gideons practice was more often than not to have his slave girls' teeth removed immediately upon their induction into his Harem. Removal was performed by one of the Qahal's many dentists for the more tractable slaves, but with his fists for those who showed even the slightest hesitancy. The girl greedily fellating Gideon's member had been one of the latter. Now only a shell with vacant eyes and a toothless mouth, she pleasured the grotesque Nubian for her life. The audience cheered and applauded.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Tonight Gideon has prepared a special treat. Two fine specimens of the Aryan persuasion. One male, one female, who, up until this afternoon, was pregnant. Roll them out, boys. Look at those milky white skins-- Flawless." said Yeshua.

Two stagehands rolled a rack onto the stage with two bound and naked figures, black hoods covering their heads. The couple was attached to their respective sides of the frame like flies in a web spread eagle. However, the couple just managed to touch their fingers barely. The touch was their only comfort. Two of Gideon's slave girls spun the racks and exposed the White female's fresh cesarean scar. They positioned the victim front-and-center facing the audience. Another Slave girl from offstage wheeled in a clear glass vat. She placed the vessel in front of the female, and the slave girl removed the victim's hood. The young female looked in horror at the vat, which contained her fully developed baby submerged in urine.

The female began shaking and tried to scream. However, as soon as she tried to open her mouth, she found she no longer had the capacity. The doctors of the Qahal severed her vocal cords. The female began looking up, slobbering mucus and crying, mouthing the words 'Why God why?' The audience members sardonically smirked approval. Many wrung their hands while others tined their fingers or sat on the edge of their seats. Erections were noticeable on the males. Stagehands then separated the couple and set them on opposite ends of the stage facing one another. Gideon walked over to the man and yanked off his hood, then laughed in his face and slapped the cheeks on both sides of his face.

Meanwhile, the slave girls positioned the female's rack reclining with toes pointed at the ceiling, forming her legs into a "V" shape. Gideon walked to the front of the stage and ripped off his loincloth. He then smiled and exposed hideous teeth, he made two fists at waist level and began humping motions in the air.

"Go for it, Gideon." one audience member called out as the rest laughed.

Gideon then pointed at the chained male and said, "This one's for you, buddy."

The male tried to scream, but only a raspy deflating sound squeaked out like air from a tire. Gideon began slowly and softly penetrating the female. Then shouted to the male,

"See, that's how you make love to a woman, white boy. She's already wet."

While Gideon turned away, the female freed a hand and lashed out at the subhuman beast, cutting his face deeply with her nails. He looked down and away for a moment. Then slowly started to chuckle. The audience who had nervously watched for his reaction began to laugh along with him. The giant gazed into the terrified female's eyes and wagged his finger and clucked his tongue. He grabbed the offending hand. The female balled her delicate hand into a fist, but Gideon struck the back of her hand several times with his knuckles, and he managed to extricate one of the digits. He ferociously bit down on the finger with his shark-like teeth. He made a ripping motion with his head and virtually shredded the thumb. Gideon pulled back one last time sharply and spat the finger out. He

then repeated this process with the rest of the fingers on that hand. Some fingers he merely degloved, leaving red phalanges.

Gideon's face and chest were covered in blood like a real savage. He threw his arms in the air to garner more applause. Gideon rearranged the woman's rack, positioning her bent over with her ass in the air. Affixed to the frame was a steel choke chain looped around the woman's neck. The giant gorilla began immersing his finger into the woman's anus with his calloused knuckles. As soon as he could, he worked his whole fist into her hole. He then began slamming her guts up to his elbow. Thrusting over and over again with his forearm, he continued until it was slathered in shit and blood.

Gideon saw that enough blood had accumulated, so he stuck his filthy, turd-colored cock into the White woman, using the pasty mixture as a lubricant. At the same time, he pulled back vehemently on the choke-chain, and the woman's neck veins popped out solid blue. Gideon violently sodomized her. Uncontrollably aroused Gideon's eyes rolled back into his head. He strangled the woman until she lost consciousness, then raped her gaping anus until she awoke in a flurry of confusion and terror. The sodomy continued for several more minutes before Gideon pulled out of the woman's mangled ass and came all over her face. He took a glob of his rancid ejaculate and flung it upon the captive man's face.

A large stagehand dressed as the Egyptian God Anubis walked in from stage left with three muscular Pit Bulls straining their chains. The handler brought them to the center of the scene, where one of the slave girls was lying down. One of the Pits stood over the slave girl, and she started pushing the muscular Pit Bull's penis out of its sheath. The slave worked the animal's penis with her hands and mouth until it resembled a fully erect tube of red lipstick. Stagehands lowered the victim's rack. The slave girl who had aroused the solid Pit grabbed his chain and walked him around the prostrate female. The Pit Bull licked the woman's face and cautiously sniffed the woman's vagina. The slave girl prompted the dog to mount the female. The beast mounted the human hunched and performed its unnatural act. It pumped the girl, then fell over and viciously attacked her right tricep. The dog had to be restrained and would not let go of the ivory appendage. But after some prompting, the animal remembered its training and released the lacerated arm from its jaws. Stimulated by the taste of female flesh, the animal's penis had swollen

into a deformed monstrosity, bulbous and distended. The stagehand pulled the Pit off the female.

In the meantime, another slave girl walked around the bound female with a jar held above her head. She pulled out a brush and started basting the White woman with smudges of warm bacon grease She smeared the fat all over the young woman's anus and vagina and breasts. Gideon, not satisfied, motioned to the slave girl by touching his face. It was clear that he wanted the victim's face slathered in the grease. The Pits Who had been kept hungry became increasingly agitated until one of them broke free and set upon the female. The other Pits quickly followed suit. Two of the dogs fought over the easily torn pieces of anus and vagina; the third animal immediately tore the female's nose and face off. A fight broke out over the woman's ass meat, sending one animal momentarily away. However, it soon came back and found the female's breast to be a suitable chew toy, which it quickly extricated and retired to a corner of the stage to gnaw.

Meanwhile, the male victim who had been unable to protect his woman and the unborn child became aware that someone was preparing a syringe behind him. A slave girl plunged a large needle into his right arm. Seconds later, the audience started mocking and laughing as he now had an erection. The sildenafil citrate, commonly known as Viagra, oozed from his arm. Laughing stagehands wheeled him up to the female, and the dog handler pulled the pits from the woman. The female, now soaking red and spattered with chunks of her flesh, was raised. Her scalped hair flopping to and fro like a cap.

Gideon stood beside the man goading him and started pushing his ass, so the man's penis began to penetrate the hole where his girlfriend's pussy had once been. Gideon's proddings only accomplished a small pumping action, so instead, he called for a device. One slave girl brought a metallic plug. Gideon grabbed the implement and swirled it in the jar of bacon grease. With one hand, he spread the man's asscheek and, with the other thrust the plug into the man's anus. At the end of the probe was a cord with a red button that Gideon held. Gideon's eyes gleaming, he pushed the button, and the man arched backward in the rack, thrusting his pelvis forward again and again. Gideon continued the torture and humiliation until smoke started coming out of the man's ass. The device of anal defilement fried his rectum like a steak. Gideon held his nose and waved the smell of burnt rectal flesh away from his face.

"Nothing smells worse than a fried white boy." said Gideon.

The audience was amused, and some of the Jews crinkled their fat noses scornfully.

A slave girl rolled out a new table with a blender on top. Another brought out a red hot glowing pair of iron tongs that had four spikes at the end like a set of tangs. Gideon clamped the metal pliers around the victim's penis and balls. The searing teeth scorched and tore deep into the man's crotch. He twisted and yanked on the device, thoroughly emasculating the victim. Strings of his flesh offered little resistance before smoking and melting away like cheese. The meat package sat securely between the tongs and continued making the crackle, pop, and sizzle of blackened bacon. Gideon dumped the man's genitals into a blender gleefully. On top of that, he threw in a can of dog food.

A slave girl held the lid of the mixer and hit the button for liquify. She smiled at the audience and dipped her shoulder and hips to a rhythm in her head. The man's penis and balls, along with the dog food, were reduced to a frothy shake. Gideon shoved a funnel into the man's mouth. The slave girl ascended a ladder and poured the mixture down the man's throat. At this, the crowd went wild, exploding in adulation, shouting "A True Artist!! Bravo!!!." Gideon took a bow. The castrated White man had turned green and was bleeding out heavily as his female convulsed nearby.

Gideon looked over at the pickled baby in the jar and grabbed the vessel. He raised it above his head and was about to smash the contents on the floor. But, before he could move another muscle, Yeshua saw what he was doing and possessed Gideon in an instant, utilizing his detestable powers. The giant froze with the container in the air. The audience hushed, then whispered.

Yeshua used Gideon's hulking meat suit to place the container next to the podium gently. Yeshua then smiled sadistically and caused Gideon to punch himself in the face several times. With his sharpened teeth, the oversized groid then bit down on his own forearm, removing a chunk of meat. Yeshua released him from his hold. Gideon prostrated to Yeshua as he leered stone-faced over the podium like a tiny grim-looking idol.

"Please, Mr. Yeshua. Please Massa! I just got carried away," Gideon said.

"Do you have any idea how valuable that is intact? No, you shvartza, thick-skulled nigger. So hard to find good help these days." said Yeshua in a stage whisper to the audience. "Well, folks, the show must go on."

Yeshua moved his arms, encouraging Gideon to continue.

Gideon smiled and said enthusiastically, "yes, boss."

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Lugh reclined in his dark monk cell and contemplated the latticework of honeycombed tracers. He could see them with a bit of concentration when he closed his eyelids - Spiritual virtual reality. Lugh watched the patterns change and morph in smooth fluency; the after-effects of the large dose of psychedelics he had imbibed two weeks ago. The substance had left Lugh with the ability to watch the spiritual VR program, and several other abilities. He had gained the second sight. Lugh was able to see the human aura and had gained the ability to faintly see the outlines of his room in the pitch-black with eyes closed. He could also observe the thoughts of others. He knew almost verbatim what one of the ghouls was going to say to him before it opened its mouth; he just felt it. His physical senses were all heightened as well. The light was too bright, water too cold, and tea too hot. Everything was as fresh to him as a newborn puppy. However, there was a price for all of these powers. For the first week after the trip, Lugh had no sense of self. It was as if his consciousness had expanded and sailed into the outer limits and edges of the universe. His self seemed to have just vanished; dropping off the cliff of oblivion. For a few days, he was only vaguely aware that he had a physical body, and he required considerable supervision.

Once a day, a ghoul would seat him in a small courtyard next to the building while he was recuperating. Lugh would inhale the glorious redolence of black gold. With his heightened senses, he

would drink in the lovely greens and other blooming colors with an enhanced reverence for nature. For the time being, Lugh realized he was part of the web of life and knew his role in the universe was to maintain universal order and balance. Lugh continued to draw the world tree repeatedly in all its forms, hideous and angelic. Each time he attempted to capture another aspect of its magnificence. In this way, Lugh passed the time and eventually came back to planet Earth. But he never quite came back to himself. When his sense of self returned to him, it was rent and ripped asunder. The drug tore his ego apart, and flung it across the cosmos. Each piece of the puzzle came back to him slowly, and was carefully considered. Some pieces fit back into his reconstructed consensus of reality, while others had to be reconfigured, or were rejected outright. What was left was fragile. The fledgling construct needed time to form.

In Lugh's new infancy, the ghouls were protective, for they had all undergone this process. As Lugh sat in his room, pondering all that had happened to him, He realized that there was one thing that had not changed. He was still a pacifist. Lugh noticed his own stubborn commitment to vegetarianism when the ghouls had offered him a bowl of chicken soup. Lugh pushed the soup back towards the ghoul. The ghoul had taken the soup back without question. However, there hadn't been any replacement or vegetarian option. Lugh had made the vow of non-violence after he killed one of the niggers who raped his wife, so he only received a roll and some water each day, which he took without hesitancy and ate with increasing violence.

One day a ghoul knocked on Lugh's door.

"Yes."

"The master would like to see you now."

As Lugh stood, he remembered the Abbot and how disastrously that meeting had gone. Lugh saw similarities between the two men in terms of their powers. However, there was something seismically different about Dük. Whereas the Abbot was only an asshole, commanding from the high branch on his monkey tree, Dük seemed to be a Lord of death, causing worlds to collide in his wake. Some of the images that Lugh saw of Dük near the end of the trip still haunted his dreams. He remembered seeing Dick standing in the cold night under a canopy of stars with a blade in his hand. He stood perspiring before a massive burning wicker man. Dük's face was dirty with soot. Lugh recalled of the vision that he turned again towards

the wicker man and saw the arms and legs of victims hemmed inside, struggling in the fire.

Lugh entered Dük's study.

"Come in. Shut the door." said Dük.

Lugh sat down in one of the high back chairs facing Dük's desk.

"Dük, there's so much I've wanted to discuss. Everything I've learned in my life was just a lie, and most if not all of my life actions have been meaningless." he blurted out.

"Slow Down." said Dük as he lit his pipe and put his boot up on the table. "I know you learned a lot in a condensed amount of time. And, more time is what you need to reintegrate yourself. The download of information you received could have killed a lesser man. When exposed to the truth, it usually takes an awakened one lifetimes to adjust. Now that your ego has aggregated itself back together, we must send you home." said Dük.

Lugh sat silently as the grandfather clock ticked away in the background.

"I want to become part of the Order." said Lugh looking from the ground to Dük.

Dük darted his eyes at Lugh and as if in surprise and slightly raised his left eyebrow. Then he looked far off into the distance thinking. Lugh edged further to the end of his seat.

"There's so much to be done," said Lugh.

"I need passionate men. I need men that are willing to do what it takes when the time comes." said Dük as he rubbed his pipe and cradled it in his fingers.

"What's the point?" said Lugh.

"If you didn't think i could do it, then why did you wake me?

Dük looked sideways at Lugh and smiled. His eyes sparkled.

"Your training has already begun. And your every reaction has been closely monitored. The psychedelic you took is a modern synthesis of an ancient brew called Soma. Originally passed from our gods to the priests of our ancestors, the Aryans, and maintained by

The Meta-Druid line. And this Soma was your first initiation into my beloved order. Lord Satan himself constructed the molecules in Soma, and so it is the most spiritual substance on Earth, rivaled only by White Aryan blood and fire." said Dük.

"How does Satan figure into all of this?" said Lugh.

"Satan - Lucifer, the Adversary, the original Ancient of Days, and known by many other names throughout time. All Indo-European Whites venerated him. The ancient Aryans attained a pinnacle of achievement that was well beyond anything this modern world has today. Then the alien force crept into this world. It rooted and ensconced itself into the filthy mixed races of the middle east. Then it festered. It came from another realm of probability. Under the Alien-Jew influence, many White societies began degenerating. Among the ancient Aryans, there was a small percentage who had forgotten natural law and had harbored a weakness that manifested in outgroup altruism. With this foothold, the Jews eventually had a spiritual-intellectual lock on the Aryans through the perverse teachings of what was to eventually become known as Christianity. Semitic deception turned the natural order on its head, and the new programming demonized the Real Gods. It imposed a stilted tyranny of mindless monotheism and universalism," said Dük.

"Well, why don't you just call Satan the true God?" said Lugh.

"The personality of Satan cannot be contained by one or another human word or idea. He's a mysterious God, and we cannot even conceive of all his potential forms. But there is another reason; the name of Satan inspires fear in all his enemies. There is a hefty amount of Morpho-genetic energy associated with the Satanic Paradigm. The mere utterance of His Name is a clear act of war against the Abrahamic quagmire of religions - a bold revolt against the Jewish spell — strong medicine for dire times." said Dük.

He stood and walked to the bookshelf behind his desk. He ran his index finger over leather-bound books, stopping at one-third of the way from the left side. He pulled on a leather-bound tome, and the whole wall slowly began to rotate, opening to a darkened room. As the two entered, Dük said, "I have my doubts as to whether or not you're ready to step into this order in fullness. Becoming a black magician of the order is self-selecting and self-directed. But I can give you the tools."

Lugh wandered around the room that had vaulted ceilings. Red velvet tapestries hung everywhere and were full of geometric motifs. On the floor, the Black Sun radiated out in all directions from the center of the room. Redlined swastikas plastered black corinthian columns and defined the space. In the center of the temple was a large slab of black marble.

"Is that where you sacrifice virgins?" said Lugh.

Dük silently smiled at Lugh while his own smile fled from his face.

"Sit down," said Dük, pointing to a small black zafu.

Dük went to the back of the temple and picked up a small round Skin drum and a small stick. Knotted swastikas decorated the nim, and the head had the image of the Green Man seen in many European cathedrals.

"Drumming? Isn't that Amerindian?" said Lugh.

"No. It's a much older technology made by our people. The American Indians appropriated it from us because it's so effective - more effective than any Buddhist meditations. Those are far too watered-down to be of much use. The rhythm of the drum efficiently alters the mind into the theta-gamma sync."

Dük, sitting on the zafu across from Lugh, stretched out his arms toward Lugh imparting his power and blessings. Lugh felt a wave of relaxed alertness throughout his being.

"Lie down and let us begin." said Dük.

At a steady pace, he began drumming. Lugh closed his eyes, and in the gray-blackness, he pursued a small opening in his field of vision. Lugh followed the tunnel-like passageway up and down. Although the images were not as fast as his experience on Soma, it was still very colorful. Suddenly, Lugh had a mental hiccup where he lost concentration on the tunnel. Then his horizon opened up to an incredible vision of the world tree in all its power and glory. But, there was one ominous dark spot, a small Jewish demon gnawing at the tree roots. Lugh flew to the beast angrily. The Jew dwarf reared up and hissed at Lugh and bit him. Lugh recalled the furious fever pitch of the drumbeat. His instincts told him to follow the drumming back up through the miles of tunnel. Lugh Hastened back to his body. He sat up to a half-reclining position propped on one elbow.

"What was that? I saw this weird little Jewish demon on the world tree. He bit me." Said Lugh a little winded as he spoke.

"Nothing you see in your journeys has the power to hurt you unless you allow it. The Jew-demon you saw likes to be called Yeshua the Immortal. He is the gatekeeper for the Jew shadow folk," said Dük.

***

Lugh's training continued the following day. He sat across from Dük in a darkened room at an octagonal table with a green, velvet-covered surface and oak edged side panels. Dük shuffled a stack of playing cards skillfully from one hand to another. He laid four cards face down.

"Don't let your thinking mind get in the way. Know, feel, hear, and see." said Dük.

Lugh hesitated. He held a hand over each of the cards. "Jack of Diamonds, Ace of Diamonds, nine of Spades and ten of Clubs?" said Lugh.

Dük turned the cards over one at a time.

"Two out of four. Try again. After this, we are going out to the desert."

Dük laid out a set of four more cards.

***

The van reached the edge of the desert by early evening, and Lugh put on a white sweater he had brought. They walked in the desert towards a small boulder.

"Part of sharpening the powers of the Mind includes physical readiness. Remember: the Body, Mind, and Spirit are all connected. Have a deficiency in any area, and it will affect the others. You have to be in top physical condition. Grab that stone, carry it to the top of that hill, run up the path that spirals around the hill, then throw the stone back towards me as far as you can. Understand?" said Dük.

The boulder Dük picked out was approximately thirty-five pounds. Lugh heaved the stone to his chest and ran to the hill dozens of yards away. The mountain was shaped like a pyramidal cone with soft edges and was forty feet tall. He barely made it to the top and threw the rock. The stone merely rolled most of the way down the conical mound. Dük looked on, shaking his head and waited for Lugh to come back. Lugh stood in front of him with his hands on his hips, awaiting further instructions.

"Well, do you need an invitation? Do it again. And don't stop until I say so." said Dük.

Lugh shrugged his shoulders and began the trek again. Dük threw his head back and let out a chuckle. He then leaned back against a large boulder and whittled a stick with a pocket knife he pulled from his vest.

***

Early the next morning, Dük took Lugh to the courtyard, the scene of some of his most memorable encounters with natural life during recovery. A circle had been cleared and lined with rocks making a ring of sorts. Lugh felt relaxed and at home. Suddenly from the side of the courtyard, a door cracked open. A sizable hooded figure emerged from the shadows.

"Meet Grendel, your new sparring partner." said Dük.

Grendel walked to the center of the ring and stood in the center, dominating the space. The brute towered over Lugh by several heads, and his width seemed like a wall.

"What have you been feeding him?" said Lugh.

"He has good genes. He would get that big if we fed him swamp water and toads. Your job is to put Grendel on the ground. Now attack," said Dük.

Lugh cautiously stepped into the ring of stones and slowly raised his hands into two balled fists. He started bouncing around like a boxer circling his opponent. Grendel stood relaxed with his hands at his sides, his nostrils flaring like a wild white stallion under his cowl. Lugh sprung forward, and with his right fist, made as hard contact with Grendel's face as he could muster. Lugh felt a searing pain in his fist. Suddenly he felt a powerful wrenching motion, and his feet left the ground, then a violent jolt as he hit the dirt. In short order, Grendel had flung him down like a sack of rotten potatoes. Lugh moaned in pain.

"Again," commanded Dük.

***

The constant rumblings in Lugh's stomach had passed some days ago. But his clothing continued to grow ever looser around his frame. Lugh had begun sneaking into the kitchen area in the middle of the night to steal cheese and bread. And now Dük asked to see him there.

Dük faced Lugh in the kitchen. He pulled out a dagger and stuck it into the cutting block.

"The strong rule the weak. The cunning rule the strong. Survival of the fittest. Every living thing has to kill to exist. Nature's

law, not mine. But nature is a real bitch." Said Dük. He then reached behind the Butcher Block and produced a cage with a live chicken inside. "This is your chicken. You will name it. Take it everywhere with you today. Feed it. And before the sun goes down, you will kill it. To gain Vril, you must cull." Said Dük.

The day's training was exhausting. But in the back of Lugh's mind was the duty he had to finish with his chicken. At first, he thought of nothing but how horrific it would be to slaughter the innocent creature. But slowly throughout the day, the grumbling of his stomach grew louder. He couldn't deny that he was starving, subsisting on a diet consisting of bread and water. He had no strength. Bit by bit Lugh started to despise the bird. It was stupid and soulless. Becoming food, it seemed, was the chicken's sole purpose in life; fuel for a superior being. Indeed, by the end of the day, Lugh was practically salivating every time he looked at it. Dük arrived at Lugh's quarters.

"You ready?"

"Yep." Replied Lugh.

Lugh carried the animal to the kitchen.

"What's its name?"

"Jim."

"Chicken Jim." said Dük with a smile.

Lugh grabbed a butcher knife and stretched Jim's neck on the butcher block and summarily chopped off the bird's head. Dük seized the bird and started to prepare Jim for dinner. Lugh thought of all the rational objections he had to the consumption of animal flesh and the karma that he might incur from taking the life of a sentient being. But in the end, all of those arguments seemed to be irrelevant. He was hungry, and the bird was dead. Chicken Jim was the most delicious meal of Lugh's life. He felt the food fill his stomach and also felt power and energy returning to his brain and limbs which had up until that time been so drained.

***

The months passed on, and Lugh started to become proficient at his training. He zeroed in his accuracy with the cards to near perfection. He could feel and see what the cards were.

Back in the desert, Dük stood against his familiar boulder on the Mesa, whittling a stick. Suddenly a rock zipped by his head.

"Whoa. You need a bigger Stone," Dük yelled at Lugh, who was still atop the desert mound. "Yes, I do!" Lugh hollered back. His voice echoed in a nearby Canyon.

While in the temple, Lugh excelled in ever-deepening journeys. Dük sat drumming, his eyes half-closed in semi-trance. Lugh raced through the tunnels of his mind and came to a giant black-skinned oily demon who gave him several incantations and hand symbols of power called mudras.

Daily beatings from Grendel taught Lugh many valuable lessons. The giant would whip him around like a rag doll. Pain and danger made it unmistakably clear to Lugh that he had to get vicious if he as going to survive. Before long, he realized that he would never defeat Grendel without some kind of unfair advantage.

One day Lugh entered the circle of stones again for what promised to be a quick but humiliating defeat. Lugh began his fighting bounce and circled Grendel. Suddenly Lugh tripped on the circle as he was moving in and out of range of Grendel's massive arms. Lugh quickly recovered, but not without palming one of the stones that made up the ring. Lugh maneuvered behind Grendel quickly. He thumped Grendel on the occipital lobe. While the giant stumbled to one knee, stunned, Lugh shovel kicked Grendel in the back, jumping on him with both feet. Grendel hit the ground, and a plume of dust puffed up on all sides.

"Good use of your surroundings, Lugh." said Dük.

***

That night Dük sat at the dining table, eating steak rare with a napkin tucked into his collar. Lugh knocked on the door and entered.

"Come in." said Dük.

Dük pointed with his knife for Lugh to sit down. He then ordered the ghoul standing next to him to get Lugh food.

"Eat. Your training is going well. Are you satisfied with your progress?

"I am now. I got a huge boost when I started flesh-eating." said Lugh.

"You have some latent ability, and as it turns out, your Buddhist training wasn't a total waste. But, the china-men didn't want to let you in on that, lest you surpass them. Their Buddhist meditations are watered down and inappropriate for Whites. You were spinning your wheels; but even your dietary restrictions weren't all bad. Through your asceticism, you proved that you possess an Iron Will, which is a sign of a strong ego. You weren't the problem. The real problem was that substandard training stifled your talents. It was unsustainable, a rejection of natural law." said Dük chewing a bit of beef heartily.

"I know that now." said Lugh.

The ghoul poured more whiskey for Dük. Suddenly, he reached out and grabbed the ghoul's arm with the speed of a viper. With his other hand, he pulled up the sleeve of the ghoul, revealing that it was female. She had a slender porcelain-white arm with delicate fingers balled into a fist. Twisted and tortured scars decorated the limb in red.

"See these scars? From Yeshua The Immortal's depraved burlesque show. I rescued her from certain torture and death when she was sixteen, and she has been eternally grateful." Dük said

The female's cowl had slipped off, revealing beautiful red hair over a Celtic face. The woman strained her arm at first, but then her body went soft as she looked seductively at Dük, biting her lower lip. Dük let the woman go and smiled.

"The bastard severed her vocal cords. I could have healed her years ago. But I like things better this way. Besides, she communicates through telepathy." said Dük, focusing on his meat,

dissecting a piece of gristle. "Tomorrow is your ceremony: your dedication to perdition. You must remain in an altered state as you make the sacrifice. Can you handle that?" Dük asked, chewing the piece of gristle.

"I appreciate a challenge." said Lugh.

"Your blood is certainly getting thicker." said Dük.

***

The temple room was musky with the smell of fear and incense as Lugh passed through the study entrance. The ghouls assembled and formed a jagged path down the middle towards the black altar. He walked through the clearing with his hands outstretched, and fingertips extended as if walking through a field of grass and running his fingers over the waist-high carpet of energy. Lugh felt the collective and individual energies of the gathering. He perceived strengths, weaknesses, thoughts, and emotions. There was an overwhelming feeling that all the attendees were fiercely dedicated to the cause, not of mere White survival but White dominance through the utter destruction of the old and sick anti-Aryan society. What could be more sacred or more holy than Rahowa? However, for these men, the racial jihad had morphed into Sarawa, Satanic Racial War. They would have nothing less than an all-out Satanic holocaust that the word suggested, yearning for the victory of complete annihilation; their hearts were thirsty for oceans of enemy blood. They lusted after retribution.

He felt the combined strength and support of the attendees, their ancestors, and their protective demons. Though the number of attendees was relatively small, around 36, they were joined on subtle acausal planes by a fearsome host of countless Legions. Lugh could

hear them faintly chanting in demonic tongues in unison with those physically present. The men there had broken generational curses of Christ-insanity, either secular or religious, and their ancestors were pleased that their descendants had returned to their inborn Aryan instincts.

Lugh processed forth and entered into a deep trance as he reached the altar.

"Lugh Speer, come join the ranks of your Pagan ancestors. Lo, even now do they rejoice and smile upon thee. Come and prepare for unholy baptism, said Dük. Flipping the handle of the sacrificial blade around he slapped it into Lugh's hand. Lugh pointed the dagger high into the air and faced the congregation.

"I ask that Satan and the Kingdom of Hell enter this Temple, lo inhabit my Body, Mind, and Soul. Satanas possess me. 1 open myself to you. Sathan, Forge Soul-ties with me as I forge ties of the soul with you and enter ever deeper into your black flame of wisdom. Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Hell. In Satan's name, so mote it be. By the blood of the martyrs, so mote it be. In the name of Lugh Speer, so mote it be." The congregation repeated the solemn request in unison. "I, at this moment, declare my allegiance to the forces of Perdition. I renounce now and forever the alien Jew, his death cult, and all its works."

"So mote it be." The congregation responded.

"May the pagan gods of our ancestors take their place of honor and rule the world. Death to the Christling, death to Jehovah, death to the holy pigeon, and death to the Jew. Hail Satan! Hail Rahowa! Hail Sarawa!"

"Hail, Satan! Hail, Rahowa! Hail, Sarawa!" the congregation responded.

Lugh approached the altar where two ghouls held the offering. He grabbed the mouth of the bleating lamb. With an icy calmness, he drew the knife across its throat. All in attendance lifted shouts of 'Sarawa!' and 'Hail Satan!' Lugh looked down at his hands and noticed them glowing with fiercely surging crimson-black demonic fire. Dük nodded in acknowledgment of Lugh's power. However, for the first time, Lugh now saw Dük's aura full of intense demonic energy, a black flame that burst out of the building and raised like a perpetual explosion of force.

"There's a powerful force of darkness inside you waiting to be released into the world. Imperium caede parate sis. Si vis pacem para cruorem" said Dük. Then Dük shouted to the congregation "SAH RAH WAH! Satanic Aryan Hardcore Rise Above Hesitancy With Adversarial Hatred!"

Chapter 5

Detective Williams trod over the suburban lawn in his old brown designer shoes. Coffee mug in hand, he lifted the crime scene tape and stepped onto the black asphalt of the driveway. He stomped on the welcome mat to dry his feet. A rookie officer opened the door to see what the noise was.

"G'morning boy. Mind if I step inside?" said Detective Williams.

"Sorry, sir. I am supposed to wait for CSI and let no one enter." said the officer.

"It's fine, officer. I'm Detective Williams. This homicide is part of my case."

"With all due respect, sir, I was given explicit instructions."

"Boy, let me in. I've got a maniac on the loose, and I have to stop the clown before he kills again. Now hurry, before I send you back to the academy." said Williams sipping his coffee.

"Yes, sir. Could you at least use these booties and gloves."

Detective Williams scoffed but complied. *The officer was a good system rat, after all*. He thought as he cleared phlegm from his throat.

"Well, where are they?" said Williams.

"Take the first right. Then it's the second door on the right. The victims are in the bedroom." said the officer.

Williams passed through the hall and met the smell of death creeping slowly. He pushed the door open with his mug and scanned

the scene from the doorway. Taking a dictation device out of his trench coat pocket, the detective pressed record.

"Two bodies. One WFA. Approximately 35 years old bound, gagged, legs strapped to headboard above the victim's head. One WMA, approximately thirty-five bound to an inversion table, gagged Female suffered extensive disembowelment. Male relatively pristine with one visible laceration above the left temple. And his throat slashed. He must have been compliant. Lot of good it did him."

The detective took a few more glances and left the bedroom to inspect the rest of the house. He turned around three-hundred and sixty degrees from the center of the living room, sipping his coffee from time to time. His glance fell on the fireplace mantel and on to the couple's wedding photos. A large photo was inside of the frame, and a wallet size photo sat wedged in the corner outside the glass. The detective walked over, studying the faces. Then he took the portrait to a reclining chair and sat down. He slipped the smaller photo into his breast coat pocket and patted gently. He looked at the other again and tossed the picture on the love seat next to him.

"The justice system is a hollowed-out rotten corpse, like that girl in the next room. And I'm just its detritus." said Williams.

Uncomfortable that he let out his internal dialogue, he pulled out his recorder and shifted in the seat. Detective Williams' working theory for the Lucy Speer homicide had been at first that his main suspect Lugh and his new bride had a drug-fueled argument after their wedding reception. Lugh left the house to cool off. Meanwhile, Lucy called a few lovers from her sex club to get revenge on Lugh. Lugh found Lucy and one remaining lover together and killed the lover, then brutalized and murdered Lucy. In a reverse O.J. Simpson style murder. Lugh then staged the rest of the scene with intentional overkill and gore and called the police claiming to be a victim.

To Williams, Lugh had little to do with the other homicides. *That would have been more clear-cut.* He thought. Williams looked up at the ceiling and sighed as he recalled the day his Chief set him down in his office for some "Professional development." The Chief suggested that it would be extremely beneficial to both of their careers if he could link a suitable suspect to the string of murders plaguing the city. Since the only survivor was claiming that he murdered one of the three black perpetrators, and he was White, it gave the whole thing a racial angle. Leading the mob, either way, is

easy — the ring in their nose is comfort. Lugh the victim or Lugh the deranged killer, it was up to the leadership and their lapdog the media. And this bastard Lugh's future was entirely in their hands.

Most of the public is convinced, erroneously, from the mainstream media that these kinds of killings don't happen across racial lines. The higher-ups, the ones who were pulling the Chief's strings, sure as hell didn't want their innocent little black lambs looking capable of serial killings. Predictably, naming the killer or killers as black would enrage the black community, who, in turn, would riot. Then the hordes of Jew lawyers would swarm in to pick the bones of any of the LEOs still foolish enough to believe in equality under the law. No, the Jews at the top would have none of it. Among the blacks, the Jewish elites foment hatred for whites, and among the whites, they carefully cast the blacks as being loveable, innocent, and just in need of a little helping hand. The Jews spend billions on this cause for one reason; to eliminate the Aryan man forever.

Usually, the higher-ups didn't mind a small manageable riot it it gave them yet another excuse for a gun grab amid the cries for "Unity." This time the ones in real power wanted to eat their cakes and have it too. The most brilliant candidate, it was decided, was to be the sole survivor of the rape-murder-torture. The Speer case followed the same modus operandi as the rest. And he fit the profile. After all — he was only White - so roast him.

"'When you want to know if you're doing the right thing ask yourself — does this follow the narrative?'" Williams remembered his chief admonishing him.

He never mentioned the Jews- didn't have to. They are part of every significant investigation - have been for years-an unseen hand. *If I had to choose the carrot or the stick, I prefer the carrot every time*, thought Williams. *A lot of cops took a stick — and were rewarded with bagpipes in the end. I'm simply a survivor*, he mused.

When there's smoke, there's fire. However, the Jews cannot yet invent their case from thin air. They orchestrate, yes, but they need us for the time being. They are careful and discreet using only reliable channels. They have extended themselves further than is ordinary. The Jews want to give the impression of legitimacy for the time being. he thought and chuckled to himself. If it weren't them, it would have

been somebody else. They were just the first to expose our weaknesses.

Detective Williams took another sip of his coffee. He retrieved a small piece of transparent plastic film from his coat pocket. He carefully opened the folded film and pressed it to the murdered couple's wedding picture. It was the right thumbprint of his suspect, Lugh Speer. He lifted the print the last time he spoke with Lugh using a technique he learned years ago. The detective pushed the record button on his device again.

"Note: The wedding photo found on the loveseat seems out of place. Process frame for prints. Lugh Speer - motive, opportunity, evidence. One — motive: Suspect having killed several couples decided to marry as cover for his illegal activities and lead a double life. When he discovered Lucy was not under his total control and belonged to a sex club, he started an argument with her knowing that her habit was to get revenge by screwing another male immediately. After Lucy and the sex club lover finished, Lugh came back and killed them both in a plan to make himself look like a victim. Two — opportunity: Lugh ruthlessly orchestrated events to frame the innocent African-American med student, who was in the wrong place at the wrong time, to provide himself cover - of course, he knew where Lucy would be exactly. Three — evidence: Right thumbprint found on couple's wedding photo matches primary suspect Lugh Speer." Williams clicked off the recorder. "God, they are going to eat this up." Detective Williams muttered. "Officer, get in here." said Williams.

"Yes, sir."

"Now listen. When CSI gets here, tell them to process the wedding photo. I have a feeling this guy takes them as trophies. He must have forgotten this one."

"Yes, sir."

"And kid."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't be such a tight ass."

Detective Williams left knowing he had an ironclad case at this point. But one thing bothered him. His lead suspect had vanished off the face of the Earth. Of course, once the print was processed, he'd

have a vast amount of resources available to find him — both inside and outside the agency, i.e., the Kahilla's human resources and informants. Now loosed, the unseen hand would act of itself. Synchronicities would miraculously align as if by magic.

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The Jew snorted the line of white powder with the ferocity of a wet-dry vacuum.

"Sheeeit Morty! You can snort coke like nobody's business," said Joe T-Bone.

"Kid when you're part of the tribe, you come with one hell of a sniffer. Ha!" said Morty, pointing at his hook-nose.

"Shit, I might be part of the tribe too," said Joe T-Bone as he did another line.

The two were yelling over the sound of blaring rap and the TV in the kitchen was also on high volume. The two were screening Morty's latest production: Interracial Gangbang 73 and a half. The star of the film was Joe T-Bones' girlfriend, Monica Haze.

"Monica gets her pussy beat savagely in this one," said Morty.

"Yeah, and some brothers go for pregnant pussy."

T-Bone wheeled around towards the door, with his gun pointed in the direction of the loud knocking.

"Who dat at the door?" said T-Bone. Cocaine powder dusted T-Bone's face, and his nostrils flared below wild black eyes.

"It's me; nigga let me in."

"Denzel, my nigger, what you want?" said T-Bone, relaxed now.

"Nothing, I just have to drop something off for your ol' lady," said Denzel thumbing his nose.

"Hey, bitch, Denzel here, get your Lily white ass out here!" Yelled T-Bone.

"Shit, I thought ol' girl was pregnant."

"Yeah, she still got that habit, though." said T-bone.

"When Monica asked me if she should stop, I said 'baby girl it's up to you, but there's a lot of money in it if you keep working up till the end, I'm just saying.' So she was a trooper." said Morty.

The three began to laugh. Monica came into the kitchen; a round pregnant ball of flesh leading the way through the swinging door. She took Denzel by the hand and started guiding him to the living room.

"Come on, baby, let me take care of you." said Monica.

"Shit your girl here fucking ready to pop, and she's rough, raw, and ready to ride." said Denzel to T-bone laughing.

Monica sat Denzel down on the large sofa and started unzipping his pants.

"Did you get my speedball?"

"Here you go, bitch." said the spud-like black throwing the baggie on the table.

"Thank you, baby. Will some lovin' pay half my bill?

"No. I Need some head just for coming out here, bitch."

"Just let me finish my cocktail — dick."

Monica expertly prepared the mixture of speed and heroin and then injected it between her toes.

"Mind if I smoke?" said Denzel as he lit up a blunt.

Monica grabbed Denzel's engorged member; and started to suck him off, forcing his cock down her throat. Monica had lost her gag reflex long ago and now enjoyed the feeling of a warm penis deep inside her throat. Every sex act was locked so thoroughly in her muscle memory that they became as routine and mechanical as shaking hands.

"Let me put it in yo booty hole bitch."

Monica complied, lifting her robe and straddling the African silverback.

"Yeah. Say my name, bitch."

"Denzel. Denzel. Denzel."

Monica heard a noise and turned her head.

"Did you hear that?"

"Didn't hear shit, bitch. Ride my cock."

Monica threw her head back and started moaning as if in the deep throws of passion - acting.

Quiet as a whisper, the man in black emerged from the shadows behind the race traitor and the copulating nigger buck. Dük sneered with a malicious mocking smile. Over his shoulders, the horizontal outline of an octagonal baseball bat loomed as the nigger started to emit his filthy genetic waste. The race trading whore felt the creeping malevolent presence examining her. It was the familiar feeling that someone or something was watching her. She usually enjoyed that feeling, but this was different. It wasn't like when she was a child, and her mother held her down so her newest black boyfriend could fuck her, tearing her tiny pink holes until the blood and shit acted as a lubricant. Her mulatto brothers were always watching and eagerly waiting for their turns. No, this was a truly sickening feeling, not just strong family affection [sic]. Almost afraid to turn her bleach blonde head, she cautiously glanced over her right shoulder. First, she saw the smile, then the wide-brimmed hat, then the baseball bat.

"Don't stop now, bitch. Let me finish." snapped Denzel, crinkling his simian-like face into deep black furrows.

Monica opened her mouth, devoid of sound. Dük, stepping out of the shadows, reared back with the bat and drove his hips into the swing connecting powerfully. The first hit cracked open the shiny black bald head like a watermelon. Five more vicious blows bashed the nigger's skull into a pile of lumpy dogshit. Brain-pulp oozed out of gashes sending an explosion of pink gray matter into the air and dribbling down his chest like rotten chunks of tomato. His tongue Loosely stuck out between his fat sausage lips. Monica sprawled out on the floor, covered in the fleshy pulp, trying to get to her feet and screaming. Her boyfriend and Morty heard the screams, but thought nothing of it, as those kinds of screams were more than ordinary in the house.

"Wow. Denzel sounds like he's giving her hell," said Morty as he and T-Bone both laughed.

In the living room, two ghouls grabbed Monica and placed her in zip-tie cuffs binding her wrists and feet. Dük, with the bat over one shoulder, kicked open the kitchen door with his black boot.

"This party by invitation only?" said Dük with a delighted smile.

"Fuck you, honky!" said T-Bone.

T-Bone turned to grab his pistol, then quickly aimed at Dük's head. But Dük dropped to his knee and swung precisely into the groids knee-cap completely hyperextending and collapsing the joint. T-Bone's knee crunched and buckled from contact with the sharp edges of the bat. He fell to the floor after letting out a wild whoop. Morty, the Jew, scrambled, trying to exit the kitchen door. But two more ghouls were waiting. They grabbed the Jew and pulled him inside.

Dük sniffed the air.

"I smell a Jew rat." said Dük, "bring them both into the living room."

Two ghouls bound T-Bone and dropped him on the sofa. saw the smile, then the wide-brimmed hat, then the baseball bat.

However, the two ghouls escorting Morty had to fight him going through the kitchen door. Morty grabbed one side of the door jamb like he was trying to hang on to his last shekel.

"Mind if I do a good turn, gentlemen?" said Dük.

Dük drew a large Bowie knife from his belt and held it up to the Jew near his nose. Smiling, Dük positioned the blade on the post above the Jew's fingers tips to assist in steadying the spine of the blade.

"Just think of this as a circumcision Rabbi," said Dük.

With seemingly bottomless relish, Dük dragged the razor-sharp tool across the Jew's fingertips, twanging them off one by one like snapped guitar strings. The rat-nosed-Jew never made a sound as Dük severed four of his fingers from his right hand. Finally, the Jew let go with his other vice-like hand. The ghouls then quickly secured

the now more compliant Jew. They applied the ties so sharply that they acted as a tourniquet. The captives sat on the sofa next to the dead nigger with his pants around his ankles. Monica pushed Denzel's corpse over, so some of the putrescent brain pulp slurped onto Morty and T-Bone.

"Shit y'all got me fucked up now. I don't even know these people." said T-Bone.

"Shh, shh, shh, just because you can imitate language doesn't mean you should do so now, boy," said Dük, gently patting T-Bone on the side of his face.

The Jew sat staring and tracking Dük with seething Semitic hatred. Monica began struggling in her bonds and spat at Dük.

"Brokeback, bitch." screeched Monica.

Taking out a handkerchief and wiping the spittle, Dük said, "This will all be over soon."

At this, T-Bone started sobbing and slobbering, mucus running down his chin.

"Just shut up, T," said Monica derisively. "Give you a BJ if you let me go, cowboy," Monica said, glancing over at Dük, then Lugh.

Dük looked at Lugh and slowly shook his head and let out a sharp staccato laugh.

"Milady, how crude."

Dük started humming a long-forgotten tune. Reaching his arms to the side, he began to dance the gavotte to the back of the sofa. "I know it's a little dated, but I can't help dance sometimes when 1 get into my work."

Dük stopped behind the pornstar and lifted his hands in front of his face. As if holding a small ball, he started circularly rolling his hands. He then began whispering a hidden chant of the spirit world. A yellow-green light, like a mist, began to appear between Dük's palms The illumination cast an eerie underglow on Dük's face. Lugh watched this incredible physical manifestation in wonder, as the incantations became increasingly malign. Lugh felt massive amounts of energy emanating from Dük. The radiation emitted was warm like a giant red-hot electro-magnet, repelling his body. All this power

condensed into an orb, the size, and shape of an egg. Abruptly Dük stopped his near raving mad performance of the demonic Enn and withdrew his hands, his chest heaving. He took one step back and made the occult sign of As Above, So Below. Then, with sudden ferocity, his left two fingers hit the hovering egg. The glowing green egg cracked, and its runny contents flowed down, over, and into the race traitor whore's entire energetic system infecting her core. Lugh, Looking with his third eye, watched as her whole aura took on the fiercely yellow-green glow. Her whole body slumped.

"Did you kill her?" said Lugh.

"I don't have to."

The pornstar sat up.

"Cut her bonds." said Dük, directing two of the ghouls.

"You're letting her go?" said Lugh.

"Just watch."

Languidly, Monica rose and Lumbered into the kitchen. She was in the kitchen a few moments and rattled through drawers full of silverware. She returned, her face drawn and lugubrious, and with a chef's knife in her right hand. Monica stood before the men in the living room, swaying to and fro for a moment. Then opening her silk robe, she exposed her breasts and pregnant abdomen. With a slow, deliberate motion, the entranced harpy raised the blade to her ear. Sharply, she plunged the knife into her womb. First, a trickle of blood formed running down the edge over Monica's fingers. Her mouth and eyes gaped in horror, almost questioning the faces around her. An unseen force was compelling her hand, and she continued what she had begun by slowly slicing open her belly. More blood and amniotic fluid gushed forth, finally splitting her swollen abdomen open like a grape. Monica dropped the knife, and it skittered on the floor. Reaching into her open womb, she fished around in the bloody mess spasmodically. Slowly, the race traitor pulled out the Half-rican fetus. She first produced the legs, the trunk, and then the bloody head. The race traitor cast the fetus down like so much carnage amongst the rest of the biological waste, umbilical cord still attached. Gliding down to her knees, Monica began slowly and methodically performing CPR With two fingers, she rubbed its chest then breathed two tiny breaths into its rippled nose and mouth. She continued in silence like a grisly animatronic. Suddenly the homunculus offspring took its first breath

of life and started to scream. Monica looked up at Dük, her mouth now covered in the same putrid shit, piss, and blood as the rest of her body. Without a word, she reached for the knife once again. Once again, she rose the blade into the air and descended mightily into the mouth of the nigglet, half decapitating its cranium. Blood spurted out at the moons of her breasts. The fetus curled up tightly and then released when all of its blood had run dry. Monica frantically began chopping the corpse for a few moments — angry at the abomination she had created, her sin against natural law. Suddenly, Monica's fingers and toes began contorting into arthritic claws. The tendons in her neck began to pop, locking her head to the side. Her muscles tensed to maximum capacity under the stress of her self-loathing. Lugh saw the hatred pulsing in her body, pulsing and grinding her bones. The race defiling whore attempted to pick up the blade. Then she dropped it. Again, the waves of unbridled pain pumped over her, she made a second attempt and managed, this time, to clutch the instrument between her crippled fingers crawling and panting she scooted to Lugh's feet. The wretched creature began tugging at his leg.

"Kill me. Kill me, please." said Monica.

Startled, Lugh unfroze from his pose of disgust and leaped back six feet. The race traitor dropped the knife and panted on all fours. Her blood-caked hair covered her face and dripped on the floor.

Dük, seeing this, drew out his Bowie knife. He knelt next to the whore and compassionately smoothed back her hair to one side of her bead, exposing her neck. Dük grabbed a clump of bloody matted hair and made a fist. The blood quickly poured out between the fingers of his gloved hand like a sponge and poured onto the floor. Dük whispered into her ear, "Just let it come naturally."

He raised the mighty blade and hit true and severed her head with one blow. Dük spun and tossed the head into the nigger boyfriend's lap. Sending T-Bone into a fit of terror screaming,

"White peepo crazy! White peepo crazy!! White peepo crazy!!!"

One of the ghouls stepped forward and grasped T-Bone by the afro, thrusting his dagger into the chest with the pumping motion of a sewing machine. As blood loss ensued, the groid ran out of strength. The hydraulic system of the veins and arteries had

insufficient pressure to support his ranting. Finally, the hooded ghoul thrust his blade vertically into the side of T-Bone's neck. Carving down and out with the knife, the ghoul dispatched the Negroid, severing his remaining functions for life — air and blood. The ghoul's partner stepped in with a machete and finished the job severing T-Bone's head from his spinal column. The head fell politely on his lap next to Monica's severed cranial appendage. The other ghouls bagged up the tribe member.

"We're saving him for something more interesting," said Dük, as the ghouls busily forced a black canvas hood over the kike's head and cinched the drawstrings tight.

The ghoul's partner sapped the Jew in the head, and they bundled him out to the transportation. Dük moved his Bowie overhead in a circular motion whipping off the blood. From his side, he whipped the blade in front of him, removing more of the scum. He guided the spine of the weapon on the sheath, cleared the tip, and then slammed the tool securely in its home like a Katana.

"Was that real?" said Lugh.

"I just gave her a small fraction of my hatred. I know that was a lot for you to process." said Dük.

"You're the master of the understatement."

"High gore, not high score. Part of the strategy of gore killings is a type of shock and awe. It is nearly the only thing that works anymore. The high score mass shootings only have a limited impact on the public psyche — and no effect on the system's operation — none.

Manson-esque gore scars deeper, gropes further, into the primitive brain. It affects the inner reptile. Whereas the mass killings are impersonal and indiscriminate; in this case, the medium is the message. And, instead of attacking the enemy with a sledgehammer, it's a scalpel. It cuts out cancer. The sledgehammer has its place, and so does the more elegant scalpel - to make very particular system WHORES feel incredibly vulnerable. The system is like a giant.

Sometimes the goal is to remove definite advantages it possesses. Our cult uses these very advantages against the regime. The giant's size makes it cumbersome. Its strength makes it react too heavy-handed Or, maybe we can reveal its inability to protect its

influence peddlers like those in the pornography industry or the media, the government, or finance, that the Qahal uses to corrupt and subvert our race. On a personal level, however, is where high-gore triumphs. With mass shootings, people are vaguely afraid of a threat 'out there.' On the other hand, our ultraviolence in-home pest removal service makes the traitors feel specifically fearful in their own homes. You see, this giant, or the system or the tripod of power or whatever you call it, is made of people; living, breathing people. These people are what is vulnerable.

They are the cogs in the actual machinery of the system." said Dük.

"Still, I'm worried that even if I didn't get caught that this would somehow affect me — send me into karmic retribution," said Lugh.

"That's for you to decide, Lugh. Inaction is also a choice,"

"I've only ever killed in self-defense or for survival."

"And that carries less karma in your estimation, how?"

"I had no choice," said Lugh.

"Again, how is that different? The Kikes, Shit-skins, and anti-white race-traitors - Shabbos goyim would like nothing more than to see you and me in pine boxes. The Jew occupational government has placed us in this position of self-defense from a total and complete genocide of our species. Now, we made a lot of mistakes to get here, granted. But here we are. It is what it is. I know it's hard to see from your particular vantage point." Dük lit his pipe and continued. "You know, maybe I was wrong about you? Maybe you don't have enough passion. Oh, that is unless it means saving your sorry hide. If that's true, you aren't much better than that sloppy bucket of chum on the foot. At least her death has more meaning than her life."

Lugh cast his eyes down and felt the criticism suck the air out of him.

"Sometimes you ride the tiger, sometimes the tiger rides you. Come on, kid, let's go," said Dük with a lilt.

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A control room with state-of-the-art equipment, dials, lights, and toggles was silent. Several technicians sat, muscles tensed in professional anticipation. The director roved about arms akimbo making the last-second adjustments, peeking and tweaking, always the consummate micromanager. The three men on the set — the on-screen talent plus two panelists, made awkward micro-adjustments of jackets, trousers, and ties. The director started the countdown to the live broadcast with his fingers. "Five. Four." The director counted three, two, one silently only emphasizing his hand motion more vigorously for all to see until all of his fingers extended. Music queued, and the camera focused on the host.

"Good evening, I am Richard Adler filling in for Steven Roth. And this is The Minority Report, the weekly show that addresses Wakanda self-described black nationalist, editor-in-chief of the Afro-political issues through a minority lens. Our Guests today are Zulu Man: 101 means of political activism to break the chains." Nat Times, and author of The recently published book Awake Black Zulu nodded his assent behind high steepled fingers. The camera then cut to the other guest.

"And our second guest is Doug Stoople. Neoconservative and political analyst for the Daily Observatory. Today's report: American slave reparations for the African-American community? Mr. Wakanda, really unpack this for us. Where Do We Begin?" asked the host with an effeminate limping of his hands, which he then rested on the end of his chin under his pursed lips.

"Three things: We start with the acknowledgment that the Black man and Black people in this country have suffered more than any other group under American slavery and American apartheid. That acknowledgment would be in the form of written formal letters of apology from all whites, a national month of mourning in honor of those Blacks who lost their freedom and lives in the slave trade and due to inherent white systemic racism. All whites that are true allies would be asked to prostrate themselves before an authorized representative of the Black race. Authentication of the allies'

subservience to the great Black race would be issued in the form of an RFID chip placed under the skin. All symbols of the white apartheid would be removed. Statues of all oppressive dead white men would be immediately toppled. Military bases and public buildings bearing the names of Confederate generals and other whites would be changed to appropriate names glorifying the deeds of our Black ancestors. And of course, the currency would be changed to reflect our victory. The second is redress - redistribution of wealth. The consensus is only whites benefited from slavery. Blacks need to be brought on a level of parity and beyond whites. The equivalent of 40 acres and a mule adjusted for inflation and free college tuition. We demand reparations for all blacks, not merely the descendants of slaves, which leads to number three — closure. White America must never again be in the position of power to discriminate against an Afro-American. Every white contains the potential to become Hitler. For an orderly and peaceful society, the gene must be decimated, eradicated, diluted beyond recognition, and bred out of the white man. I advocate for the immediate voluntary sterilization of every white male irregardless of age and for all white women to be welcomed into loving Black families or be paired with Black bachelors." said Zulu, leaning back and returning his hands to his mantis-like position and scowling at his co-panelist through dark-rimmed spectacles.

"That sounds reasonable. Doug, response," said the host.

"Well, now look, I think we as White Americans are extremely sorry for what happened and feel deeply for the daily struggles of African-Americans who want nothing more than to work hard and provide a better life for future generations. I want to take this opportunity, Mr. Wakanda, to apologize for the part my ancestors played in stifling your great culture. I am so sorry; I even have a little light-skin grandchild. But slavery did happen such a long time ago. And most of the Whites alive today have no slave-owning ancestors. This country went through the Civil War and lost many men. The country lost virtually all of the wealth derived from the slave trade during that war," said Doug uncomfortably, shifting in his chair. "And if I am correct, 40 acres and a mule in today's currency is nearly equivalent to approximately $150,000. There are nearly 40 million descendants of black slaves in the United States, far more than the 400,000 that were imported. Slavery has actually benefited your race."

Doug continued, and a small bead of sweat formed on the brow of his ugly fat head. The host angrily shifted in his seat.

"That you would even..." the host began.

But Zulu interrupted the host. Zulu coolly raised his palm, as it the tribe's Chief, pregnant with wisdom, wished to impart a morsel of knowledge to his dull underlings.

"Richard, allow me. I think you have failed, like most of your ilk, to recognize your latent racism," Zulu said. He then turned to Richard, pinching his fingers. "You see, Richard, this is the very reason in my book Awake Black Man! Rule 74 covers opposition discourse, and in it, I propose that when encountering a severe racist that real discussion is no longer possible. From that moment onward, only two options are available, either total withdrawal or total violence," said Zulu leaning back and Crossing his legs, glare fixed at his racial enemy, the "Racist" uncovered.

In the control room, the director started noticing static and wavy lines on his monitor's screen.

"What the hell is this, I'm losing the picture. That better not be on air -- we are live here, people." he said into his headset.

Suddenly, over the barely visible show, in the static, a cartoon that appeared to be a Hasidic Jew running across the screen. Then the theme to The Pink Panther began to play. The Jew ran off-screen right to left, and another character stalked on the screen in a hunting crouch. The figure carried a large-bore hunting rifle and wore a pith helmet. It was none other than Dük. Dük, the hunter, caught up with the terrified Jew who hid shivering behind a White woman and whispered into her car. The whispering weaponized the woman into a mad Femi-zombie. The cartoon woman then walked toward Dük with a butcher knife psycho style. Dük aimed and shot the feminist zombie as the Jew jumped into the air holding his wide-brimmed hat, then ran. Dük stalked onward and caught up with the Jew.

The Jew was now hiding behind a fat African Chief and whispered into his ear. The Chief clumsily ran at Dük with a bone. He shot and killed the beast. The Jew jumped in the air again, holding his hat, and ran. This time the scene followed the Jew, who hid behind a Jewish Jesus. The two Jews stood on the left of the screen, waiting and trembling. A rifle barrel emerged from the left side of the screen, the Jew slowly looked back, and his eyebrows rose, and eyes

widened. He then taped Jesus on the shoulder, who made the same expression. The rifle blasted twice, taking off the heads of both the Jews. Their blackened headless bodies dropped to the floor. Dük casually strode the body off-screen. Then a cartoon ghoul sweeping with a push broom pushed the body off-screen.

"Haha, guys, hilarious. Whose idea was that? Exactly?" said the director.

He turned around to find a motionless crew staring at his screen, which then in unison pointed at the screen. The director turned in horror to see on the screen a flickering Fashwave swastika. The swastika began bleeding as maniacal laughter started metallic echoing. With slack-jawed terror, the entire crew looked on. The screen then cut to black. But the crew's relief was short-lived as they could see now that the blackness was an object and a camera slowly zoomed out. Incrementally the form was made out with more light, color, and shape. The eyes were cold and glassy — tribal feathers around its scalp. Below the mouth was a giant hip plate; all this mounted on a wall as if a big game trophy. It was the head of a Sub-Saharan Negroid male. The camera continued its retreat unveiling more of the scene. A mantle, bookcase, a crackling hearth, then sitting perfectly motionless in a red wingback chair Dük. Curiously similar to the earlier cartoon. The man held a beautiful leather-bound edition of Might is Right. He comfortably and innocuously smoked a pipe.

"My show has been pirated. Get me an engineer," said the director.

The camera then panned to Dük.

"Hello, just doing some reading," said Dük, putting down the book and removing his pipe. I hope you weren't watching that. It just seemed like Jews were talking to other Jews to me. That alright with you, White man?" said Dük, putting on leather gloves.

"Where's that damn engineer!?" screamed the director to the control room personnel who had reached a full volume level of pandemonium.

The three members of the set panel looked curiously on at the fever pitch in the control booth and listened to the pirated broadcast on the only monitor on set next to the cameraman.

Dük walked to a different area outside the den, which revealed it to be a set. At the bottom left of the screen flashed in red "live." Three male bodies stripped to the tighty-whities and bound to solid-looking reclining seats set quivering with hoods covering their heads. Dük passed between two of the men and rested his elbows on their shoulders. A frown hovered upon Dük's face for an instant.

"God hath shapen lives three, Bore and Knight and Priest they be!*" Dük snapped up and quickly removed two hoods. Then reaching across removed the third. "Excuse my boarding house reach," said Dük to the center man. "My guests today: the honorable Judge Cohen, the Reverend Jesse Sharpton, and your favorite host and mine, Steven Rottthhhh."

Back at the television studio, the temporary host Richard Adler turned pale at this pronouncement. And the director looked on in disbelief. Technicians started whispering: "I thought he called in sick?" it ring until a technician nudged The phone started ringing in the director's hand. He did not hear it ring until a technician nudged him, saying, "Phone?"

"Yes?" answered the director in a ghastly whisper.

"This is Max. What are you doing to put an end to this?"

"Sir, I'm sorry, we're tracking down an engineer right now."

On the live screen of Dük's set, a ghoul wheeled out a stainless steel autopsy table with a naked figure handcuffed to the polished chrome rails.

"This is my friend Morty. We've come to know a lot about you. Haven't we Morty?" said Dük.

The limp mass lay on the table; his chest split open. With each breath, Morty's pink lungs licked in and out. His breathing by this time had become short and labored with raspy edges.

"Spreadeagle. But such is the fate of our corruptors. Right, Morty?" said Dük.

He produced a bowl of rock salt and dashed it into Morty's chest cavity. Morty contorted with pain.

"It's kosher!" said Dük with a sly smile.

The bound guests behind Dük threshed in terror, one vomited, and another pissed his underpants, leaving a large wet spot. They were all too afraid to scream, hoping silence would save them or keep them from being singled out involuntarily.

"Hush children," said Dük, looking into the camera grinning.

The Ghouls wheeled away the soon-to-be expired Morty.

Dük held up one finger and said,

"Wait, I have a real treat for you all!"

He walked behind his guests and fiddled around in a box.

"Here it is," Dük mumbled to himself.

Though they could barely move, his guests strained their eyeballs to catch a glimpse of their host through tear-clouded eyes. Dük's right elbow popped sharply up as if trying to start a small motor. Steven Roth started crying and gasping,

"No, No, No," softly.

Dük's arm flew up again, and a mechanical sound started. Bent over, he continued the process until a strange mechanical whirring sustained. The three intently listening guests could not quite make out what it was. Dük, partially hidden, now emerged arching his back, holding his weapon of choice aloft. But it was not motorized at all; it was his homemade kanabo bat newly stained reddish-brown from his latest mission. As he maneuvered the war club through the air; he provided the mechanical buzzing sound. Confusion danced across their horrified eyes as the captives tracked Dük. Buzzing and staggering as if led by a magic chainsaw, Dük shook his head in mock disbelief, feigning that he had no control of the weapon. To his right, the bat swerved serpentine until it touched and rested on the good Reverend's cheek.

"Fantastic choice!" exclaimed Dük, temporarily ceasing his motorized renditions.

And in a high arc, Dük lifted the bat above his head. Then solemnly, he brought the lumber down prayerfully as if for a moment gracefully receiving Excalibur. Dük reared back, ready to swing; as the Reverend tensed and closed his eyes. Dük rumbled, "Nigger nigger nigger.." He slowly touched the target area on the Reverend's fatty jaw. Raising the bat back again, he intensified his rumbling

sound "Nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger, nigger..." which correspondingly increased the Reverend's fear making him shudder the fat waddle of his neck. Again, Dük started his swing but only touched the Reverend's check as softly as a kiss. Dük pulled back again. Suddenly, and explosively, he cried out," Suh-wing nigger nigger." smashing the groid's face.

The video cut to slow motion, and the word 'instant replay' flashed on the screen -- the bat connected with the face causing large ripples of brown flesh to pitch and yaw. The targeted cheeks and lips deflated like a balloon with teeth, blood, and spittle trailing in its wake. The replay stopped, and Dük pointed offset, and a ghoul handed him another tool. He switched the bat for a single bit ax.

"Thank you. That'll do nicely. You gentlemen mind if I ax you a question?"

Dük began to whistle, held the ax perpendicular to the floor, then pointed at the judge. Dük lifted the ax and came down on the judge's foot as if chopping wood. Still whistling, he became a veritable tornado, randomly hacking lingers, toes, legs, and arms, generously administering pain.

Meanwhile, at the broadcasting center, technicians found the engineer dead in a closet. In a bit of twisted humor, tied around the man's neck, cold blue with cyanosis, was a placard stating will be back in 5 minutes.' The dead man's head rolled forward to reveal a knife stuck into the base of his skull.

In the office of Max bloom, the heated Jew pounded his desk with his fist.

"Get intelligence in here. Find the source of this broadcast. Now!!!" said Max.

The director in his control room looked out the window at his set where the host and Zulu were attacking the neocon guest. And he said to himself,

"This is going to cause absolute chaos."

Elsewhere, viewers of the program watched in shock, unable to look away. In a small apartment, a race traitor white woman sat transfixed to the television. Her mulatto child in the kitchen broke a stack of dishes she had neglected to wash. Her black boyfriend, who

had been obliviously smoking weed, noticed the Reverend having a hand severed and stood up.

"Who dat? That the Reverend Jesse some-something. Get up Jesse beat that white boy ass, nigga." said the gorilla in the mist.

"Hon its TV; they can't hear you," said the race-defiling slut.

At this, the gorilla slapped the pregnant whore.

"Ima' grown-ass man. Bitch, shut it. Fucking fancy white people. Ya ain't always right. No. You know what. Ima' bout' to fix this shit fo real."

The gorilla then grabbed the whore by the hair and began punching her in her gut. Frothing at the mouth, he wiped away his spittle and rubbed it into his pants. The race traitor whore lay sobbing on the floor. In the corner, her older white girl, the product of one of the mother's previous one-night stands, cowered in the dimly lit room's edge. Whimpering, she caught the attention of the enraged nigger. He eyed her wildly for a moment and started to lick his lips and unhook his belt.

"Know what? I' been waiting for this little cunt for a long time. Ima' bout' to split yo' daughtah' in two, bitch!" said the nigger.

He grasped the girl by the hair and dragged her into the bedroom. He tossed her on the bed, then slammed the door behind him.

"No! Not my daughter; she's only seven!" she yelled.

The race traitor whore got up but was unable to open the bedroom door and could only listen as her daughter cried for help from her mother. The race traitor screamed and pounded on the door as the nigger violently defiled the tender young virgin. He turned a little girl into a woman and a woman into a corpse.

Back on Dük's set, his guests sat wriggling and spurting blood in the background as he carefully dried his hands of blood on a white towel.

"Lets get down to brass tacks." said Dük. He wiped his forehead with the towel then continued. "Up until the present, the nature of our struggle has had the attributes of a drunken saloon brawl. Our frustrated brethren were lashing out with wild swings amounting to little but sound and fury. Admirable though these Saints

are, at best, they were only gifted amateurs. However, a new day is dawning, and through the astrolabe of history, I can see the rise of passionate brothers born and hardened in the fires of the Kali Yuga. Their mission is compensatory and grim. Oh, I know most Whites won't do anything, because they never do anything. But for those passionate ones; feral White warriors who will hear my call, disrupt the system, and fulfill your destiny — listen. We will kill them in the streets, we will kill them in their homes, and we will kill them in their air-conditioned offices; for your authentic life lies not in this decaying world but as conquerors of the next. And as for internal enemies, the race traitors, any who have worked against White survival or tainted their precious Aryan Blood, you are hereby put on notice. We have warned you. We are coming for you. And we are going to give you the only thing you truly ever understand — fear."

Dük grimaced and pointed the ax at the camera as if to say next. The transmission faded to Black.

Max sat, gripping a pen tightly, then tightening his mouth as the pen snapped in two.

"Sir, we have an address," said the Qahal intelligence officer.

"Send local police but supervise." said Max.

Shortly, police arrived at the warehouse. Two uniformed officers cautiously approached the front door. Strafing machine gun fire sent them running for cover and struck one officer in his ankle. The two fled, leaving their patrol cars. Soon the entire building was surrounded. Officers took up positions behind vehicles and the large shipping containers of the complex. The first entry team stacked up on the side building, ready to breach a door. Suddenly the jackbooted thugs were reduced to an atomized red haze with a massive blast from an IED.

"We demand a release of 108 political prisoners from the Jewish occupational government's criminal justice system, One Apache helicopter, and 10 million dollars in unmarked US currency," said Dük over the PA system.

Police negotiators scrambled to give the appearance they would fulfill the demands. Behind the police line, a lone technician sat in a van with blackened windows. He set off a series of switches

and released a drone fitted with a heat-sensing camera. He carefully piloted the tiny craft into a hole in the back wall of the building. The drone searched for any source of life. But there was no movement and no heat. Then the drone picked up a tiny squeaking noise. The operator swung the craft around and noticed some activity. He maneuvered the vessel with trepidation. Utterly dismayed, he viewed the bodies of the three men being set upon by hundreds of food-deprived rats. The ravenous Little creatures had gnawed the corpses to the gristle and bone. Rats gorged themselves in an orgy of gluttony scratching and biting one another. Suddenly one broke out of the scrum leaping from a cavity with a moist nugget of liver, his black eyes shimmering as he scampered across the floor into some hidden shadow to chumble his carnage.

Suddenly, the police arrayed outside noticed a sound like gas igniting. In quick succession, a deep bass boom blasted the cap off of one of the building vents. Like pigeons, the timorous officers ducked behind anything substantial. Three flaming balls left the vent nearly simultaneously. The fire-balls landed behind a patrol car and scattered like a bag of marbles. One of these balls rolled up to an officer.

"Get an extinguisher. It's a human head."

Several officers extinguished the flaming heads with canisters from their patrol vehicles. When the severed heads of the three victims were out, one officer probed the head of the TV host with his toe and grimaced as a piece of scalp flopped off. Curious, another officer grabbed a stick, splintered off a pallet, and carefully lifted the scalp. The officer saw wires and a blinking light, and before he could scream, what had been the host's head and the other two exploded simultaneously. The bomb turned the whole area into a hellscape of moaning mass casualty. The warehouse also burst into flames with some remotely detonated pyrotechnics. The remaining officers gathered their dead and dying and made a hasty retreat.

Dük watched the scene from a remote and safe location beaming with satisfaction.

"Good job. The pigs had no idea we weren't live," Dük said, patting the shoulder of his tech expert.

After several hours of continuous conflagration, the warehouse fire started to burn itself out. Cadaver and bomb-sniffing

dogs rushed in, and the dogs alerted on one of the briquettes that once were human.

An array of law enforcement personnel from multiple agencies combed over the area while an equally large number of the media inhabiting the area outside the caution tape watched. As per usual, Detective Williams arrived with a coffee mug in hand, surveying the destruction.

"Whoever did this was a real coward, huh?" an officer asked.

"Coward?! Could you do it?" said Williams, finishing the last of his coffee.

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In the office of Max Bloom, the captain of mainstream media stood looking at the curls of smoke rising from the industrial area where the blast had been, hands clasped behind his back. Max saw his reflection in the glass and pulled the lower eyelids of his heavy dark bags down with one finger. He held his hands again and shuffled to his desk. Reclining in his leather chair, he leaned back, resting his head. His eyes shot up and back into his skull. His body seized, and his face tightened as if in the throes of a grand mal. Two of Max's aides from the Oahal took note and approached. Speaking in thick accents, the aides upbraided their boss freely.

"Bastard is out again," said the first.

"Back in the box with him."

"Back to go, diddle gentile boys, you mean?"

"Yes, and to feed his precious nigger dogs. He treats them better than his own. Have you been to the compound yet?"

"No."

"There is more than buggery that goes on there. It gives me shivers to think about what I've seen."

The second aide pulled Max's body away from the desk and wheeled him to a center wall. The first aide waited a moment then

pushed a well-hidden button on the white wall. The wall opened up like a Dybbuk box. The aides wheeled Max down a slight ramp. His slumped body was lifted with care and placed into a glass pod chamber. The pod took care of all of Max's needs while he disensouled.

The operator of this husk, the sometimes possessor of his meat puppet Max, sloughed off his mortal coil from across town, it was a mental link now detached. And the operator, Yeshua, the Immortal, awakened in his chthonic synagogue.

"Gideon. Find the cowboy," said Yeshua.

Still partially inhabiting the astral plane and in a weakened site, Yeshua grasped a ritual dagger near his pod and jumped down to the floor and took hold of one of the young slave boys chained to the polished white marble. He adeptly butchered the boy's neck like kosher Lamb. He sunk his fine-edged mandible into the boy's wound and took long deep draws on his crimson coursing fluid. As the boy lost consciousness slipping softly into death, Yeshua settled in like a baby nursing. He was cozily cooing and gurgling in pleasure in the boy's arms.

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Lugh paced in the small flea-ridden motel. The carpet was a hideous shag orange faded and molted from years of excessive blood, sex, and excrement. He trod the floor from the door to the other side of the room. On the wall, the obligatory Thomas Kinkade pastiche cottage panting hung bolted. The whole trek took no more than three broad Seps. Occasionally Lugh would peek through the beige curtains viewing the ceaseless stream of traffic below and became dizzy from his perpetual ambulation. Lugh then sat on the end of the Crooked little paisley bed and slumped with head in hands. He felt in deep disgust for himself, that radiated from the pit of his stomach out in all directions. Lugh felt like tearing out his hair or slicing off his face or beating his arms and legs with steel. He had been in La Cabana Motel Dük's plan for ultraviolence. Doing so would make him no better than

for two days now after leaving the Temple. He could not agree with the men who killed Lucy. Besides, Lugh felt that he had accumulated would ever wash away his sins. His mind teemed with a thousand so much Karmic baggage by this point, that no amount of penance other justifications, and he knew he was false to himself. But there it was. It was staring him in the face. Dük had given him the option before. *I thought I was strong enough, but no. It comes to this again?* Lugh thought.

He vacantly walked to the bathroom tub and began to draw hot water. Slowly he removed his clothing and gazed into the mirror.

Naked, he reached into a small bag and removed a disposable razor and a can of shaving foam. He was holding the cheap shaver firmly on the sink. He proceeded to turn the disposable blade into splinters of plastic with the but of the can. He removed the tiny metallic shard and dusted off the fragments of plastic. He tested the edge running it across his thumb, cutting the pad like hot butter. A drop hit the white sink. He turned off the tub and sat looking at the pale flesh of his inner arm. His body had become nearly as firm as ivory from training, making it easier to find his blue veins. Holding the nasty Implement between thumb and forefinger, he incised medially up through the pulsing lapis lazuli roadmap of his tapered limb. Switching hands, he repeated the process on the other arm. He sat on the edge of the tub, and his vision darkened as he plunged into the water. Time stood still as the last seconds of his life lingered wispily in the tepid water. Fluid rushed into his lungs; as billows of crimson saturated the water. And Lugh, now only barely aware of his surroundings, sunk. Seeing nothing, hearing nothing, Lugh was only conscious of the warm fluid that luxuriously swathed his body. As if missing the final rung of a ladder, he felt as if he was entirely in free fall, and the bottom of the tub had fallen out. "*How odd it is to die,*" Lugh thought. In a somnolent state, he slowly tumbled and was carried by the whims of the deeper currents. Total release. He rode the wave in and out of consciousness and finally into a state of sustained awareness, his face alone bobbing above the surface of a vast ocean of blood. He opened his eyes, and the sky above was a dense fog. At the zenith, he could make out a diffuse light that slightly warmed his face. Not far away, he heard a creaking and dribbling in the water. Suddenly the boat struck his head.

"There's one. Check it," said a deep voice.

"About time, I have no meat left. Hand me the hook," said another higher voice.

Lugh, who was numb all over and having little to no control of his limbs, was helplessly hoisted aboard the small vessel.

The higher voiced boatman retrieved a beak-billed blade from his belt and looked for a choice cut of meat and settled on Lugh's trapezius muscle. Initially unconcerned, the deeper voiced boatman glanced at the catch's head as it lobbed to and fro.

"Stop," he said, slapping his companion on the head with a knotted monkey fist. "Can't you see he has the headgear?"

"But I'm hungry. The iron law of the universe is that everything must eat. He shall want e'er I shall."

"It doesn't matter. Lord Baal will find out, and when he does, he'll turn you into a real Hungry Ghost. Try eating when he shrinks your mouth to the size of a pin."

The other boatman conceded and dropped Lugh on the swampy boat bottom. Lugh realized that he had just nearly been eaten by what or whom he could not tell. The boatmen had human forms. Perhaps they were malevolent mortal ghouls or sorcerers. The men rowed the vessel for what seemed like hours. Finally, approaching land, one of the boatmen jumped out to drag the boat onto the beach. The two then cast Lugh out and onto the shore and left. Lugh felt the pebbles raking his back as he skidded to a halt.

Watching the arrival was the Western Sentinel, who sat stony, perched on the sheer cliff edge of the ocean. He observed the body below for a moment as the scavengers departed. The Sentinel then stood and yawned and stretched his arms and expansive Wings. He suddenly jumped off the cliff and tucked into a tight ball. He executed a free-fall tumble, then the demon expanded his wings and rode the gentle currents of air. The Sentinel swooped down, grabbing Lugh by one leg, his taloned lower appendages functioning like hands. The Sentinel carried Lugh over the cliff and through a high desert until finally, he reached a spectacular temple.

Lugh noticed the temple contained motifs that were recognizable from different periods, in one sense Greek and Roman in another Egyptian and Hindu. The temple seemed to include all of these flavors yet predated all of them. As if this building had been the

original and all the others just cheap imitations of copies. And those ancient antediluvian visionaries and architects the builders of kingdoms - were allowed only to glimpse the most minute detail and corner of the massive edifice. Then, using that infinitesimal speck, the earthly architects were able to extrapolate their cultures and systems of mathematics and physics, based on this morsel of knowledge they had glimpsed here. And rising above the temple stood the celestial world tree in all its power and Glory. The Sentinel flapped his wings and lowered Lugh to the ground amid a pleasure garden. Curious naked young Maids peaked at him from around rocks and shrubs. Their bathing had been disturbed by the intrusion. From inside one of the temple halls, a tall demoness strode out to greet the Sentinel, her free breasts leading the way.

"Greetings, Western Sentinel." she said her chin held aloft.

"My lady," said the Sentinel, acquiescing with a slight bow.

The Lady grabbed a felt-covered cosh that hung from pedestal. Atop the pedestals sat a large black crystal singing bowl. She held the cosh by the padded end, the other side being an exposed varnished wooden handle, between three of her delicate slender white fingers. Rubbing the cosh around the ring produced a deep reverberating tone. The lady pitched her magnificent head back, further exposing her long milky white neck -- swan-like and free. Her lips gently parted, thoughtless in pleasure. Lugh, hearing the tone in the space between his ears, began to come out of his disassociated state. Soon he could feel the vibrations throughout his body. In his gut, he felt the fire of vril stoked like glowing embers, doubling and redoubling. Then the tone subsided and was replaced by a sweet feminine voice.

"Lugh. Lugh. Wake up," said the lady now standing above him.

He began moving and propped himself with his hands. He took in the beauty of the Lady, her face porcelain white with a luminous blue underglow. She had jet black hair that could not conceal two polished onyx horns. She was the personification of the dark and sacred feminine - capable of giving life in one hand and taking it in the other. Lugh then started as he looked at his arms, still freshly mutilated but not bleeding.

"They'll take time to heal even here." said the Lady. Then looking away, she added," Sentinel, you may take your leave." she watched for a moment as the Sentinel powerfully flew towards his granite post by the sea of blood.

"My name is Lady Astarte. Come with me, Lugh."

Lugh stood unsure of his feet at first. He nearly fell and grabbed Lady Astarte's hand for support. Seeing this, several of the naked maidens gasped and moved forward as if to protect the Lady.

"It's alright; he meant no harm to me maidens. You just haven't gotten your sea legs back, have you?"

"I would say I don't Lady Astarte. I feel a bit drunk on ecstasy from my former state to this quite sublime one."

Lugh took a seat on the edge of one of many marble fountains dotting the garden. He held his face feeling his cheeks. He saw that he possessed two onyx horns like the Lady's, only smaller, looking at his reflection in the iridescent golden champagne water. He felt the smooth, fresh horns and tapped the point with his index finger. He seemed younger, too, perhaps by ten years.

"Amazing." said Lugh.

"Come, you don't want to keep the master waiting." said the Lady taking Lugh by the hand as if a child.

The lady led Lugh to one of the great halls. And she left him sitting on a large black and red zafu. On one wall in solid gold was depicted the scene of an epic battle. The large-scale and exquisitely crafted art featured griffins fighting demons who vomited fire, mightily into the air - mighty leviathans roiling in the seas sinking strange sailors to their deaths. There were depictions of torture and rape and massive armies locked in bloody melees. Lugh was captivated and could not wrench his eves away for even a moment.

Suddenly the mural began to move and separate to reveal another chamber. Behind this wall, Lugh saw the coils of a giant python twenty feet high as it slithered and unwound sinuously. With its red glowing eyes, the python looked at Lugh for a moment before exiting a snake-shaped hole on the side of the wall. Lugh stood and approached the inner chamber, as the serpent vanished from the hall. An Impressive marble throne swiveled, with the sound of shifting stone rumbling the gallery. A beautiful and powerfully built demon

eyed Lugh as if his quarry. One of the demon's fists he propped on his thigh and the other he positioned in a thinkers pose lightly supporting his chin. His intelligent nordic face was smooth and relaxed, with pale gray skin giving him the appearance of a statue. Eight regal horn crowned his head. Hugging his ribs and draping his shoulders were seven legs of a hairy arachnid. And from his back, thick leathery wings were mounted. The demon rose and beckoned Lugh to enter the inner hall further. With grace and regality, the devil approached a simple stone altar. With a pass of his open palm, the imposing being made an image come to life in miniature on the platform -- a lush scene of a remote island. Lugh could feel the warmth radiating from the image.

Exotic creatures inhabited the living diorama. From the ocean, a group of tortoises made landfall. Wriggling, they found their spots on the beach to dig and bury their eggs under the sand. Time-lapse progressed, and the hatchling tortoises escaped their sandy mounds and sprinted towards the sea. Upon these tenderlings, descended a pack of lizards who ate until their gullets were full. Stuffed on baby sea creatures, the lizards found it challenging to move. Just then, a troop of wild hogs gleefully swallowed down dozens of the animals Suddenly, from the shadows, a spear launched out of the brush. A man emerged and gutted his prize, spilling the swine's entrails about the ground. Without warning, the spearman was hit from behind with a rock, murdered by an enemy tribesman. The tribesmen took the heal and the man's thigh away to eat on the humus of the jungle floor Scavengers picked over the carrion, and the sun-bleached the bones.

"I understand," said Lugh. "I wanted off the cycle."

"But you, one of Nature's most spectacular creations, yielded too soon. Why?" asked the demon.

"Karma. I couldn't bear another day creating Karma. And I failed in finding any justice for Lucy. The only remedy for creating more failure and Karma was my death.

The magnificent creature's laughter echoed throughout the chamber. "Karma is the teachings of a death cult. How amusing. You are a strange one, Lugh. Karma runs from the practitioners of the left-

hand path. I have murdered Karma -- raped her to death. I've burned her children alive and sold those not dead into bondage to be used as guilt ransom.

"Are you Satan?"

"I have been the God of many peoples, and they have known me by many names, I am the lord of the air and a master of science and art; God of Storms and God of the Philistines. Lord Satan is my kin, and you may call me Baal."

"Lord Baal, it is an honor to meet you!" said Lugh.

"Listen, your pacifism is a cowardly weakness -- your biggest blight."

Without warning, Baal thrust his fist into Lugh's chest. So much raw force shot into Lugh that his chest seized in convulsions as I hit with lightning. Baal reached inside Lugh's bare chest and slowly pulled out slippery black tar. Upon disengaging this connection, Lugh's body flew back several feet, gasping. He sat up, and his chest burned. Smiling, Baal held the filth to his face and sniffed the tar, his demonic vocal cords rumbled in disgust. Lugh looked down at his hinged chest and saw that Baal had branded his sigil into his skin.

"This is what you cherished. Your pacifism is merely enemy programming. An infestation of alien astral energy that manifests and festers in degenerate alien ideas. An abscess infection hybrid of Yehovah," said Baal.

He then started to rub the filth between his fingers, causing the glob to smoke then ignite. Gently blowing on the tar made it burst into flames, covering Baal's hand and wrist in green-black flames, the substance dripped teardrops of fire onto the floor. Then harmlessly, the fire burnt out, and he blew the ashes from his hand.

Lugh touched his chest, amazed at the size of the new scar.

"So you've heard of Karma? But have you heard of the Dharma - your life duty? Dharma is inexorably linked to your Race-Soul and tribe. No? Well, then prepare for another boon boy!"

Baal then formed the mudra for Race-Soul cognition. With the ends of his fingers, he weaved the sacred sigil. Then he lightly touched Lugh's third eye with the talon-like middle finger of his left hand. The lightest of touches immediately focused all of Lugh's

attention on the reset button in the center of his forehead. Time and his environment shattered and warped. The stone had been cast, rippling his mind and indeed his face and everything in the room. The wave connected him to the very air around him, flowing through him, moving together in unison. He felt the waves rush deep and back into his mind, sending him reeling backward. He was then enveloped by darkness. Suddenly, currents of energy formed; attraction and repulsion. The flows descended into less and less rarefied forms of energy. Combinations congealed, hardening over time. Planets formed. Then out of the primordial broth, abundant life-forms flowed. Man ascended for a time but then declined on ocean and land. Then in an instant. the most glorious creature found its way out of the mists of the Everlasting. Part god, part animal, Nature was finally satisfied that there was one who could revel in her beauty and fright. After all the experiments and triumphs, this creature was Holy and White. Lugh watched the progression of his ancestors. Seeing them create and learn, he was uplifted in pride. Then, seeing them fail and succumb to inferior tribes, again and again, he felt it as if it were his own failure and wept for them. He marveled as his race battled: fighting for gold, women, and honor among themselves and others. Great migrations and massive dispersions swarmed across the globe like locusts across a ball of mud. He was there as Caesar crossed the Rubicon and also when Arminius defeated Varus at Teutoburg Forest. He witnessed the birth of the Meta-druid line and the career of Dük, his teacher. Lugh saw the unbroken chain of Master and Disciple. He also witnessed the growing alien cancer of the Jew and how their machinations perverted the clean and straightforward White pagans. Foreign cancer distorted and alienated the Folk from their natural Gods and their Race-Soul. The vision then shifted to the present and to thins vet to be. He saw Dük's capture by Yeshua, the immortal. Little by little, Lugh came out of the vision. His teeth were clenched the muscles of his mandible tightened as righteous hatred poured over his being. He was immersed in the pristine waters of glorious hatred. He clutched at the forge of his heart. The realization - hatred is love - welled up in volcanic lava flows.

Lugh looked up at Baal. "And what of Lucy?"

"Trapped forever in the Cube of Sorrows."

"Dük didn't have the heart to tell me."

"Yes, Dük. When he is gone, the line stops.

"Yes, I saw it. Everything depends on Dük."

"Then now you realize you must turn the laser of your hatred outward. For too long, you have it aimed inside." said Baal. He then plucked Lugh off the floor by his neck and held him aloft like a boulder. «Then go hunt." said Baal, throwing Lugh viciously into the floor.

Instantly Lugh fell through the floor. Sprawling and scrambling without friction of any kind, he realized he had returned to the place of his flesh-body, which felt quite alien. The bathroom now bore exquisite crimson stains. Alive with wide-eyed wonder, he examined his wounds, and though they were ghastly, they had clotted. Lugh began to produce an uncontrollable atavistic scream, a not-quite- human squall. He was reborn as a racial warrior, anointed in the most sacred of all blood: the Blood of the Aryan Race.

Chapter 6

Furtively, Lugh looked out between the banal beige window coverings. As he rested his forehead on the window ledge, the image of his chthonic voyage flooded his mind. He still felt as though he was partly on the other side. No matter how enlightened he became. the magnitude of the revelations always shook him to his core. One thin was sure; his near-death experience left him with no doubts about his duty. Lugh had hesitantly called his friend Christian. Still enraptured in a type of fugue state, he thought that Christian could understand him and not only that but would, in a limited way, help him get out of town away from searching police. He could break out of the city where he could find his way to his specific destination and rescue Dük. Lugh looked out his window again and watched a man coming down the hall. The figure read the numbers on the doors he passed carefully. Finally, he looked at Lugh's door, quickly checking it against a small piece of paper in his hand. Lugh was already at the peephole

Christian knocked. Lugh eyed his face for a moment through the chained opening of the door. He quickly shut the door to unlatch chain, and he pulled Christian in by the arm.

"Were you followed?" Lugh asked.

"No, and I don't like sneaking around." said, Christian.

Lugh looked around the hallway once more in both directions.

"I haven't seen you for months, and the police keep questioning me about you," said, Christian.

"I have been learning incredible things. I don't know where to begin.

"Well, why are your arms bandaged for starters. And you've shaved your head. You look crazy," said, Christian.

"I guess I am mad. I went out of my mind. I've journeyed across the Spheres to beyond the beyond and returned. Baal has awakened the sleeping serpent and has restored my connection to my birthright.

Christian scanned the dingy little room running his fingers across the wobbly dining table, he picked up a sticky film and rubbed his fingers and frowned as his nostrils flared in disgust. On TV, Lugh noticed the news showing his picture. He quickly flipped it off with the remote. Christian saw this image before the picture faded.

"You can't hide forever."

"I am not hiding anymore. However, there's one more thing I have to do, and then it doesn't matter what happens to me."

"In your condition, you need to seek help. I'm guessing those bandages are hiding your latest suicide attempt. Your behavior is unhinged. Have you been doing drugs?"

Lugh sat down at the end of the bed and pointed to a chair for Christian to sit.

"I'm more sober than I have been for a long time. I have seen things that the masses aren't supposed to see. I've looked behind the curtain, learned real occult secrets. I possess power that is the stuff of legends. And now, the enemy has captured my teacher. He's in trouble. I know I must sound crazy; I wouldn't believe me. I sound crazy, but at least give me a ride.

"Where?"

"I need to get out of town and not far. Once we get to the area I'm thinking about, I'll get my bearings better." said Lugh.

"Then what, live in the woods?"

"No, then I find my teacher -- Dük, who has been captured by an evil Jewish demon -- known as Yeshua, the Immortal. He is a vile little creature." said Lugh staring vacantly into space. After a deep breath, he spoke again. "I know this is going to be a lot to handle for you, and you haven't had the benefit of the visions or meeting Dük, but I assure you this is all very real. There is a physical and spiritual war over the existence of the White race. And if we lose this war, the world will be plunged into eternal degradation."

As he listened, Christian leaned back, folding his arms. With every word that came out of Lugh's mouth, the light in Christian's eyes dimmed, eventually taking on the appearance of gray stone. His only utterances were guttural and betrayed no hint of his ruminations. Without warning, Christian hinged forward in the chair and grabbed Lugh's hands. Bowing his head and closing his eyes Christian began,

"Lugh, pray with me. Lord Jesus..."

But just as quickly, Lugh interrupted Christian's pompous insistence on prayer with bellicose sardonic laughter. Lugh threw his head back, and his eyes turned black then suddenly, his face snapped within an inch of Christian's as he revealed an animal growl. Christian reeled backward and fell on the floor then quickly stood.

"Who are you?" Christian managed to say.

"Are you okay?" asked Lugh.

"I'm fine. You know, sometimes I wonder what you're capable of?"

"You don't believe for one instant I would have ever harmed Lucy, do you?"

Christian hesitated, "... No, I'm your friend; I want you to get help."

But Lugh, with his awakened spiritual senses, felt the words come at him tinged with the poison of betrayal. A familiar pressure flexed against his ears, and he heard Christian's real thoughts 'Lugh is capable of murder, and I know just who to call.' But outwardly, the two men remained in silence for a moment.

"I need to use the toilet." said Christian.

"Right over there."

Christian entered the restroom and noticed random smears and streaks of dry blood. As if someone had hastily cleaned up a murder scene. Cautiously, Christian lowered the toilet seat and sat down. From the room outside, Lugh sensed every letter that Christian typed in the text. And then, after a brief hesitation, the message was sent to the Qahal. The traitor looked at himself in the mirror and sighed. Then Christian flushed the toilet a couple of times and made a great show of washing his hands. He then emerged from the restroom.

"Lugh, are you here?"

Suddenly, Lugh leaped out of the closet from behind Christian, milling him mercilessly and striking him about the head with the wooden dowel used to hold hangers. Christian slipped into unconsciousness.

Slowly. Christian awoke to a room inverted. He then realized that it was he who was inverted and hanging upside down and gagged. Christian wasn't able to move, and his breathing was labored. He was a bit woozy from lack of blood from several head wounds; he could feel blood slowly weeping through his hair. Though his vision was blurry, he could make out Lugh sitting on the bed facing away from him. And the sound of continuous metallic scraping noise rang in his ears. Lugh paused and turned around, looking over his shoulder.

"Good. You're awake." Lugh said, then returned to his monotonous tasks.

After a few minutes, he stood and tossed the knife he was sharpening on the bed. Lugh picked up on Christian's thoughts and mental pleas of 'why?'

"Because the punishment for traitors is the hangman. You betrayed your race Christian, and me. So now you will become my sacrifice. The Aryan blood you coincidentally possess will soon be liberated from your inferior Soul." said Lugh.

Lugh ripped open Christian's button-down shirt and began chanting in a demonic tongue. He stood a few feet away, holding his hands out in the shape of a trident in the posture of orans. Lugh's chanting intensified as he pronounced the satanic syllables over and over. Christian felt engulfed in the sphere of Lugh's unholy power as

if a fire was singing his flesh with torrents of pouring flame. The stopping the infernal chant for a moment, Lugh bathed in the glory of his occult power and smiled, the corners of his mouth only turning slightly upwards as he drank in the black astral luminance. Lugh grabbed the sacrificial blade, approached Christian, and reached down to cut off the gag.

"So. Did you want to pray earlier? Well, I'm not a fan of Christinsanity, but here's your chance. Pray to your Semite cloud God to save you. I'll wait."

Lugh stood back and crossed his arms as Christian began to pray and cry like his weeping Messiah. Tears formed and ran across his forehead and down into his hair, streaking the blood. After 1 minute of Christian's pathetic whimpering had passed, Lugh began entering the rapture of the demonic mantras once more.

"Bawling won't help you, and prayin' will only tire you out." Lugh said, stuffing a sock in the man's quivering mouth.

Then Lugh's voice thickened as he slowly intoned,

"In The Name Of Satan, and by the blood of the martyrs, offer this traitor into the yawning mouth of the Abyss. May his Soul be gnashed in the jaws of darkness and shat into the hole of nothingness for all eternity."

Lugh sunk the blade into Christian's bladder, and ripped downward, separating the skin and connective tissue of his abdominal cavity. First blood and steam issued forth: then, the blue worms of his intestines wriggled and flopped out. Lugh felt every pulse and contraction of the dying organism, as simmering fluid gushed over his knife-hand. He stopped at the sternum and stood back to admire his work. A blood-shit cocktail flowed over Christian's chest and cascaded down his cheeks, collecting in his nose. Christian began to choke and gurgle. He then coughed up a throat-full of blood, spattering it all over his face and hair. Lugh knelt next to Christian and whispered,

"It didn't have to be this way, traitor."

Lugh's free hand grabbed Christian's hair and put the knife to his neck with the other. He began a sawing motion, like trying to start a fire with sticks, and within a few seconds, half decapitated the

traitor's head. A final rush of blood escaped the man. And he watched with fascination as the light in Christian's eyes faded forever. He noted how they looked like two small glossy yet dull stones set inside his head. Lugh felt the demons in the background now come forward to reap their Soul. Those demons who had previously lurked on the outskirts of his peripheral vision with glowing red eyes and smacking lips rushed forth with such force that the traitor's Soul was consumed almost instantly by the pit. And the remainder of Christian's Vril, Lugh harvested. With closed eyes, he absorbed the acausal energy of his sacrifice. Vril absorbed through his every pore. He felt the magnitude of his power increase one-thousand fold. Before, Lugh had been straining to generate a little power. Now he was actually restraining his power, which was bursting at his seams. Energy coursed and flowed effortlessly through his channels.

Coming down a bit from his state of ecstasy, Lugh realized he would now need to clean up. He would cleanse the ritual space. The best way for Lugh to accomplish this was a fire. Lugh rinsed the gore off best he could. Then he stole a full gas can from a truck in the hotel parking lot. He returned to his room and piled furniture on top of Christian's corpse against the wall. He carefully doused gasoline over the cheap cardboard hotel furnishings to accelerate the mound. Lugh wedged the gas container underneath the pile. The ad hoc mass would act as a kind of timer. Being a thoughtful person, he tied plastic bags around the smoke detectors and sprinklers. With a cheap lighter, Lugh started igniting the pile in several places. He watched as the flames grew higher and higher, and the smell of burning chemicals hung thick in the air. Lugh began coughing and covered his nose with his shirt. Waves of heat surrounded him. And then satisfied that his fire would incinerate everything inside; he opened the door. Just then, the added oxygen entered the room and made the flame burst into an enormous conflagration. He left the door open and walked quickly to Christian's vehicle. Looking back from within the van, he saw a small plume of the smoke puff from the room.

Lugh drove out of the parking lot slowly. And as he rounded the first intersection. he heard the sounds of breaking glass and alarms "Sometimes you ride the tiger, sometimes the tiger rides you."

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Lugh had noticed the black sedan twenty minutes earlier. The vehicle was only four cars back at the time, but now; on the outskirts of town the traffic had trailed off and nothing separated the two vehicles. The sedan was a black dot on the horizon disappearing for a moment here and there. Lugh had tried to lose the car by exiting the freeway in favor of an old local highway.

"At least I know he is following me, but who is it?" Lugh muttered to himself, glancing back in the rearview mirror again.

He drove steadily for another couple of miles, not trying to give his pursuer any hint of his wariness. He noticed that about every half mile or so there was a turnout with shrubs for cover. The dirt exit gave him an idea. The black sedan disappeared again, momentarily behind a long bend in the highway. Lugh instantly accelerated to the next dirt road. Quickly, he drove up the road a little over twenty feet, then backed into a clearing behind one of the patches of tangled brush. Then to make his concealment complete, Lugh weaved his fingers into a particular configuration and began chanting a demonic spell of invisibility. A moment later, the black sedan began driving up the road completely bypassing Lugh's position, following the dirt cloud. Lugh waited and continued his mantra until he felt the car was on a false track. Cautiously, Lugh pulled out and stayed on the highway. he nervously checked the mirror for a couple of minutes, then forced himself to relax as much as possible under the circumstances. He began looking for landmarks from his vision from earlier in Baal's palace. He looked a mile ahead over the next set of mountains and felt a sensation of deja vu. Suddenly Lugh heard another vehicle approach from behind. His skin pricked up all over when he saw it was the black sedan. This time the car raced up to his bumper, nearly touching vehicles. As if to say 'nice try, but I'm still here.! Once the driver had made his presence known, he receded a few car lengths behind Lugh. This failure proved two things to Lugh; One: The pursuer probably had a GPS or some other type of tracking device attached to Christian's van, and there was no sense in trying to elude the pursuer in that vehicle. And Two: The pursuer in the window tinted sedan was, in fact, Detective Williams. He saw the clear image

of Williams smugly sipping his coffee in his third eye. Lugh gritted his teeth angrily, remembering how Williams accused him of murdering his wife. He also recalled, with even more fury, the claim that Lucy was part of a sex club. Just thinking about this made Lugh accelerate. He found the next turnout and nearly lost traction. Going hell-for-leather up the old Logging road, he quickly lost sight of the Detective. On one side of the track trees blurred by and branches smacked his windshield on the passenger side. Imminent death loomed about him. Lugh reached a summit and looked down the mountain to locate Detective Williams. He would need to act swiftly.

He left the van running and searched the road for something to jam the gas pedal. He found a log on the shoulder. Lugh put the vehicle into park and wedged the wood between the steering wheel and accelerator. The RPMs on the tachometer shot up. Gently, he shifted into drive. The wheels began to spin, and Lugh attempted to jump clear. However. his shirt became caught in the corner of the rear sliding door. Lugh forcefully tore away, and the van clutched a jagged swath of cotton. He fell back and received a mouth full of dirt from the unrestrained tires. Then the shower of turf stopped as the van dove into the chasm.

Lugh got up and began running up the mountain. He found a shallow cave and concealed himself into the shadow, melding into a depression. Soon Williams' sedan reached the height of the precipice and slowed to a halt right at the spot where Lugh had launched the van. Detective Williams casually exited the vehicle. He emerged with his coffee mug in hand. He peered over the edge on tiptoes for a second and took a sip from his cup then rocked back down on his heels. Lugh watched as Williams started to turn towards the sedan. But instead of entering the vehicle, the Detective started surveying this mountainside with an air of nonchalance. Almost as if admiring its pristine beauty. Lugh felt his heart rate quicken every time the Detective's vision seemed to pass over his hiding place. Abruptly, a stone at the entrance of the cave gave way and rolled down the hill. The Detective's eyes squarely focused on the cave. Detective Williams stared for a moment, then slowly placed his mug on the hood of his car. Reaching under his jacket, he carefully drew out a revolver. The Detective then broke into a trot. Lugh had hardly breathed until then *Williams sensed the stone's fall*. "Fuck!' he whispered.

He had underestimated Detective Williams's hunting abilities and now faced imminent capture. Lugh bolted out of the cave and attempted to stay behind cover. Detective Williams' business attire and loafers made his going rough. And it gave Lugh some advantage as the Detective slipped and scuttled up the loose gravel of the steep trail Pursuer and pursued embarked on the chase at full throttle. Lugh cut straight through a series of switchbacks on the slanted hill. Eventually, he reached a circular clearing littered with dozens of dead and rotting trees. He vaulted over several conifers making it to the center of the clearing. He sprung over a weak, and a waterlogged fallen tree that broke when it received his full weight, Landing in a puddle formed when the last rain had doused the forest. Lugh stood and then heard the hammer on the Detective's wheel-gun cock back.

"Don't even think about running, chicken fucker," said Williams. Lugh slowly raised his hands to his head and interlaced his fingers. "Nice haircut. You look like a skinhead punk. Now turn around nice and slow.'

Detective Williams stepped forward. Lugh scowled at the Detective.

"Step out of my way now, and I'll let you live." said Lugh.

The Detective hesitated a moment drawing his chin firmly in, but said "Kid, you are fucking insane. Besides, why would I do that? Certain higher-ups would love to get their hands on you."

Lugh knew he was talking about the Qahal, and his eyes widened.

"So you are a traitor. I should have guessed." Lugh chuckled a bit.

"Let's Go, funny guy. Walk. The way I see it, I'm the only one keeping you alive right now."

Lugh complied and began to walk in front of the Detective. The Detective watchfully followed a few paces behind. Lugh began to enter an altered state chanting an ancient spell under his breath. He began weaving his fingers.

"Keep your fingers laced I don't want to have to shoot you," Williams said wearily.

"Relax. I'm a pacifist."

"You can't spell pacifist without the word fist.

In a trice, the Detective fell to the ground. One side of his body motionless. Lugh continued chanting only louder with a devilish grin. Detective Williams tried to remove his firearm with his opposing hand. but it would not budge. Lugh turned and faced the Detective, still chanting.

"You see Detective. I've learned some new tricks since our last meeting. Your temporary paralysis is simply a matter of influence. Psychically I enter a deep and normally guarded corridor of your mind by way of your astral body. I then convince a specific control center that you are having a stroke. From there it's a simple domino effect. your organism does the rest. There are other centers I can toy with like this one.

Lugh thrust his mudra forward, then rotated his hand a quarter turn to the left. He resumed his sinister chanting. He traced what looked like a three-dimensional sigil in the air. It was almost as if he was picking an astral lock, rolling tumblers, and depressing pins. And in only a few moments, the final sync was apparent as he shivered with closed eyes. Scornfully, Lugh looked into the detective's bewildered visage and stepped back a few paces. Measurably and mechanically, the detective's right hand lifted his sidearm to the level of his head as if guided by a hidden force. It hovered for a moment, and then the revolver pushed into his mouth. arm in tow. The barrel ran roughshod past the Detective's teeth. The fallen Detective took his eyes off the pun and looked at Lugh and let out a final whimper. Explosion after explosion echoed throughout the temperate forest as the Detective's trigger-finger played executioner. Pockets of skull and hair, blood and gray matter carpeted the area behind the Detective. He lay lifeless, losing fluids from the stump where his head had once been. Yet still, the Detective's finger rhythmically squeezed the trigger turning the cylinder.

"Worst case of suicide I've ever seen," said Lugh.

Lugh sensed another presence. It was something alien and disturbing that made him recoil. Lugh attempted to use the incantation for invisibility; as he did so, a voice in the woods yelled in Hebrew indistinctly. '*The Qahal*,' thought Lugh. The humanoid

figures began at the perimeter of the clearing and made their way over logs gingerly. Lugh became incensed. Out of nowhere, he began chanting a demonic tongue that he had never heard before. His pure racial rage had formed in the fires of hell and inspired him.

The sigil Baal had branded into his chest began to burn with white-hot hatred. Lugh cast his eyes down and knelt on the soft terra. Stretching his fingers out, he pushed them into the humus of the forest floor root-like. The forest hushed in anticipation as the dusk fell over the clearing with Inky blue-black. A single toad croaked off in the distance. Then up through the soggy forest floor, toads and frogs of all kinds slushed out of their dwellings. A cacophony from the amphibian chorus rose to a deafening din as thousands of the creatures emerged in the resurrection. The frogs and toads aggressively swarmed the filthy Jews forming a dark green cloud, like locusts. One of the men was overwhelmed by the swarm and fell on his back. Instantly the animals descended upon him. Toads entered his mouth as he writhed violently under the green shroud. The others from the Oahal feverishly swatted at the swarm or covered their faces. One unusually large toad, the size of a dinner plate, hopped off a log latching onto a Semite's hooked nose. Another Jew drew his weapon and shot the toad, atomizing the toad but also killing his unlucky co-tribesman.

Dozens of the Jews made mad dashes back to the tree line, followed by piercing cries. Suddenly, and out of the treeline's darkness, a horrible single beam of light shot into the air. The light was then lowered perpendicularly to the ground as the group was struggling with the swarm. The bright ray cut like a knife through the flying lissamphibia. The beam of light stunned the creatures that could not move out of the way in time. The beam searched the clearing until it found and rested upon Lugh. Lugh instantly was bound by the paralyzing ray. His face and neck contorted under the tremendous pressure of the beam. A figure then began making its way towards Lugh. Grunting and gasping, Lugh attempted to break free from the power that held him. And as the man approached him through the path cleared through the sea of frogs, Lugh heard a slow contemptuous clap.

"Bravo. You didn't realize we have methods for sorcerers, now did you? Foolish goy," said the grim figure.

Men forcefully shoved a black canvas bag onto Lugh's head. Then a massive pain in his abdomen doubled him to the ground. The men dragged him into the night.

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The interrogator tapped his pen on his glasses for a moment, thoughtfully reviewing his annotations. He then quickly and neatly flipped the top sheet face down to the right of the small stack of papers.

"Today's date?" said the interrogator.

"I think it's Wednesday?"

"What is your full name?"

"Lugh .. SSS.. SSS... Something," said Lugh Coughing up a bit more blood as he swayed still a bit fatigued from his last beating.

"On a scale of one to ten; one being the least, ten the most extreme, how much discomfort are you presently experiencing?'

"I don't know. maybe purple."

The interrogator continued and Lugh lost track of the questions and their meaning. He only mechanically grunted as the interrogator ticked off each box on his list as he had done several times now throughout his captivity. Lugh tried to play games to keep his mind off of his pain and humiliation. Everything was a game to the interrogator. so he played games too. He even gave his captors nicknames. The two goons who would guard him and deliver all of the grueling physical torture he named Shlomo and Onan. Shlomo ironically, though the name means peaceful, was the most heavy-handed. Onan earned his name when earlier, while inserting an ice pick into Lugh's left shoulder, a noticeable wet spot formed on his crotch. But the inquisitor he called Torquemada or simply Torque for brevity. Torquemada supplied all of the psychological terror and was quite sly in his tactics but never once touched Lugh. Aside from his human captors, there was the glare from the ever-present spotlight that brought his psyche to heel. The light bound him psychically as

much as the handcuffs on his wrist prevented him from using his hands, the steady beam precluded or at least changed his psychic abilities. Tick-like, it burrowed into his psyche. The Inquisitor Torquemada interrupted Lugh's dark reveries by snapping his fingers several times until Lugh looked up from his steady gaze at the floor.

"Wake up." Torquemada said peevishly.

Lugh felt a dreaded urgency to urinate that had been growing for an hour or more. One of the games that Torquemada played on Lugh was the bathroom game. The game was played by first keeping Lugh well hydrated. The second half of the game started when he could no longer hold his bladder and had to request permission to relieve himself. Torq denied approval for another 5 to 10 minutes If he failed to state his need correctly.

"I need to piss." Lugh blurted out.

"No. Remember? Like this -- 'sir, I respectfully request permission to use the facilities for the purpose of elimination of bodily fluid." Torquemada said paternally.

Lugh let out a groan of relief as he pissed his cotton drawers. The piss boiled over the edges of the steel chair and happily tapped-out syncopated rhythms on the floor. Torquemada unflinchingly gazed at Lugh until someone knocked at the door. Torquemada waved the man in with two fingers. The man pushed the heavy steel door inward with a hollow creak, and the guard pulled it closed again from the outside, producing an equally long note from the hinges. The man straightened his tie and examined Lugh for a moment but quickly glanced away, deeming him not worthy of judgment. Walking close to Torquemada, he rested his palm on the table apathetically and bent his arm to whisper into his ear. Almost instantaneously, Torquemada shot back in his chair arms folded indignantly.

"So is that what you think?" asked Torquemada.

"It's what we all think." whispered the man.

"I've been in this line of work for 20 years. And I'm not about to start relying on drugs."

"We just believe it's appropriate to start thinking about alternative methods."

"Take your alternative methods and shove them up your ass.

The man turned around to walk out as he raised his hands. "It's your call."

"Damn right, it's my call. I've never had to use the serum, and if such a foolish person goes behind my back, I'll cut his balls off."

The emotional outburst surprised Lugh a bit, but he tried not to look interested. Torquemada stood and walked to the door. He tested the knob and peered out the cell door window. Yawning, he sauntered back to the table, pulled it back slightly, and leaned on the edge.

"What he doesn't know is you're already getting a little Punchy. Don't you agree?"

Lugh avoided eye contact, rocking and muttering to himself, then said, "yeah, a little, yeah a little." Lugh continued his rocking.

"Good. I think you want to be completely honest with me now. I can tell. And moving forward, I'll do my best to assure your safety. Is there anything I can get for you?"

"Cigarette." said Lugh.

Torquemada raised a finger, bidding Lugh wait. He stood and knocked on the cell door.

"Hey, you got a smoke?" he enquired of Shlomo, the current guard.

He shook his head in the negative.

"This might take a minute." said Torquemada, who then shut the door behind him locking his hostage inside.

Lugh ceased his incessant rocking and soberly looked up at the window. He didn't have full control of his abilities due to the lamp's crippling power. But perhaps he had just enough influence. Lugh began to focus on the back of Shlomo's head through the door. He implanted the thought that he had a dry mouth and desperately needed a drink of water from his thermos in his locker. The autonomic response crept up slowly. Shlomo's lips cracked, and saliva dried up.

Shlomo looked in the window and then at his watch. Then he started walking to the break room.

In pale grave tones, Lugh began chanting. He concentrated his rage, and his bloodshot eyes rolled back into their sockets. A single rivulet of vital fluid from his wrist lazily ran down toward his cuff. The blood finally entered the ratchet mechanism of the cuff. With tremendous effort against the lamp's restricting power, Lugh expanded the cells in his sacred liquid life force until the single bar was quickly disengaged from the double bar.

Soon keys rattled at the door, and Torquemada entered with the promised cigarette. Lugh hid his newfound freedom, grasped the cuffs behind his back tightly, looked up at Torque, and laughed hysterically from his belly. Torquemada’s countenance spoiled, and he looked ill. He dashed down the cigarettes and started back to the door, banging it with his fist

"Who was in here?"

"No one." said. Shlomo.

"Then why is he drugged?'

Shlomo peeked around the door.

"Were you here the whole time? You son of a whore."

"I left for a second. I was thirsty."

"Out of my way, fool." Torquemada shoved Shlomo back into the hall.

"That's it. I'm going to find who did this, and there will be repercussions! Torquemada said, screaming down the corridor.

Lugh watched him shut the door, but the lock didn't catch, and a moment later, the door popped in and only slightly ajar. Lugh stalked slowly to the door and, using just his fingertips, pried open the massive steel portal. Exploding violently, he plunged His open cuff' into Shlomo's neck from behind and kicked the soft hind flesh of the knee, Lugh quietly trawled the oaf into the room and shut the door with his free hand. Shlomo now snapped out of his incapacity and turned on his side away from Lugh and the pain. However, as he did so, he unintentionally placed the cuff's open end on the stable

floor. Lugh saw that the hook was still lodged firmly into the man's trachea. Taking his free hand, he palmed the side of Shlomo's ear. Then placing his knee on Shlomo's neck. he bounced as if trying to close a suitcase. After a final bounce, the cuff pierced the windpipe and made a horrifying ratcheting click. The device was now irrevocably set. Shlomo began frantically sprawling. But no amount of flailing would cease his pain. He slowed down and remembered his cuff key and reached for his pocket. But as he fumbled about shaking, Lugh fiendishly and deliberately ratcheted down on the cuff, each click sending seismic shock waves through Shlomo's body like jelly. Finally, when the last tooth on the cuff had set. Lugh stood and yanked the steel as if starting a lawnmower.

Meanwhile. Torquemada hurriedly walked down the hall. the agent from earlier close behind him.

"What's got into you?" asked the agent.

"I have a subject in that room all doped up, and I would like to know who disregarded my orders."

"No one touched your subject. I can vouch for every one of the men you just berated; we were all in a meeting.

"Then who?" said Torquemada.

Just then, as the two men faced each other, the door to the interrogation room creaked open. Cautiously the men entered the room only to find Lugh slumped forward snoring with hands behind his back. The door closed and revealed the dead heap of Shlomo's body, forcing the door shut. Lugh looked up at the bewildered Jews.

"My name is Lugh Speer. Lugh held one hand up and held the shiny bloody cuffs by two fingers. He then held up his other hand producing the broken rod that had earlier attached the debilitating lamp. He twirled it between his fingers a moment. Then, with primal fury, he launched the harpoon into the agent's neck. A spate of blood burst out along with a gurgling sound. Lugh turned his attention to Torquemada with glowering eyes. With a quickness, he descended upon Torquemada, mauling him like a feral beast. Lugh climbed on his chest and began digging with both thumbs into his sockets, trying to touch the back of his skull. Clammy ocular innards melted out of the inoculated eye holes. Like a dry heave, Lugh continued pulsing his hands into his captor's brain. Within moments the great Inquisitor

had ceased moving. Hands coated in the honey gelatin substance, Lugh wiped them on Torquemada's shirt. Quickly he removed the agent's jacket and pants. Warily he walked over to Shlomo and took his keys to the facility, which included a set of car keys, then took his baton. He noticed a rectangular lump in Shlomo's breast pocket. Lugh removed the pack of cigarettes from his shirt and put one in his mouth.

"Holding out on old Torquemada, are you? That's okay. It can be our little secret. I guess your kind are cheap." Lugh placed the cigarette in his mouth. "Thanks, Shlomo. And one more thing...

Lugh planted his palm on Shlomo's greasy Semitic face and began chanting. Casting a glamour, Lugh's visage morphed into the likeness of the dead Jew.

Lugh found his way to the concrete building's main floor and passed by a checkpoint near the entrance. A guard said something to him in Hebrew. Lugh simply shrugged and pointed at the cigarette in his mouth. He stepped one foot outside and sucked in the fresh air. Just then, an alarm started to sound. Lugh looked back inside to see the guards pointing and waving him to come back inside, but he was free now. He began to run into the parking lot and as he did so, he pressed Shlomo's key fob. Once he was safe in the car, Lugh made his way directly to his target. He knew just which direction to take.

Chapter 7

Lugh parked Shlomo's car a quarter of a mile away at the neighbor's house. Keeping his head and body low, he ran near the cypresses on the side of the road, and crouched at the entry to the private drive. At the gate, two guards from the Qahal stood on the outside. One guard leaned against the shack smoking and carrying on a relaxed but animated conversation with another. A third guard sat inside the enclosed shack with his head back resting. Lugh noted that all of them carried Sig MPXs. The only alternative for ingress was through the gate or scaling around the outside fence to his right. A few inches of stone formed a ledge outlining the property. Far below, six million jagged rocks and a turbulent ocean crashed against the cliff. Hopefully, the guards would not suspect an intruder from that direction.

Lugh darted his eyes from the guards to the path he mentally charted. And in a low crouch, he made his way to the fence, avoiding touching any trees and track traps. Lugh grabbed the cold steel fence as he inched across the ledge. He tested the footholds before trusting it, then progressed carefully for several minutes. A rock slipped and careened into the abyss's mouth. The resulting slip jolted Lugh as he clung to the fence, legs flailing. The steel rungs dug sharply into his fingers as he winced in pain. He took a deep breath and resumed his mission. He arrived at a semi-secluded entry-point and scrambled over the fence. He looked over the property and noticed it was a monolithic step pyramid with four levels. At the top of the massive mound was a tower shooting up like a lighthouse.

In a room deep inside the mound of his synagogue of deception, Yeshua amused himself viciously with a newly kidnapped White Gentile boy. Yeshua held him over his lap and pulled off the boy's tiny pants exposing his butt cheeks, pink from thorough spankings. Yeshua rubbed him for a moment, looking for a choice spot to administer his cigar. He puffed on the stubby cigar languidly to stoke the cherry. Then he slowly lowered the cigar and held the ember to his rectum. The boy arched his back in pain and cried out.

"Did I say you could move?" said Yeshua clutching the terrified boy.

"No. Sir."

Yeshua reached out with a finger towards the boy's tear laden cheeks and wiped them. He then licked the finger with relish.

"Why are you doing this to me?" said the boy.

"Why? I will tell you since you ask. Though you lack comprehension, I will tell you the truth. There is no harm since I have you firmly ensnared and will soon drain you like a cyst. Long ago: after many generations of down-breeding and cultivation of the most devious and unnatural qualities, we Jews were a dying and diseased race. Then, a savior came. Seeing that our race and his machinations aligned within the same putrid current, he offered us a contract between our Blood and his spirit. The ancient Jews, naturally being among the soulless stock of clamoring Semitic animals, seized the opportunity of immortality. The being currently known as Yahveh would incorporate our mental matrices into his spirit-body, and provide a type of afterlife for us. The afterlife he offered was much more favorable than the normal parasitic foragings that our ancestors would typically take part in after their deaths. The rewards for us Jews are many, provided we keep his commandments. The symbiosis is so thoroughly complete that to have Jew blood is to be Yahveh and to be one with Yahveh is to have Jew blood. Those goyim who believe themselves to be with our God become our fodder. Down through time, the preternatural leech, our Adonai Yahveh, has guided us. No mortal cabal could ever have wormed its way into the institutions and the very mind and soul of the Aryan goyim. It is the intelligence of this hive-mind embodied in the great Cube and our union into Metatron that has made us the chosen ones and has placed our throne atop your world.

Gideon burst into the chamber.

"Sir, there's an intruder." he announced.

"I told you never to disturb me while I'm alone in my chamber."

"But sir, it's Lugh Speer, and he has just escaped from custody."

"Then he knows. Hurry. Take me then. Yeshua chained the child around the neck to the bedpost, draping the chains around his throat like a wreath. then smiled wickedly and rubbed the crying boy's cheeks. Gideon grabbed Yeshua doll-like and placed him on one shoulder then alighted up the corridor. Arriving in the control tower, Yeshua jumped down on the counter, where the CCTV monitors glared.

"Send the mongrels now." said Yeshua.

"Releasing dogs now, sir." said one of the Qahal personnel.

At first Lugh only heard the distant yelps and barks of the ravenous dogs, but soon afterward, he saw them running all out in his direction. Lugh sped to the lowest point on the next tier, hoping he could scramble up the cobbled stone wall. Lugh pushed through a hedgerow and into a gap between the foliage and the wall. He stopped short before touching the stone. A massive pitbull snarled in a low rumble baring his white fangs. Viscous threads of spittle escaped the beast's jaw and moistened the rock above Lugh, oozing their way down the granite. Lugh's heartbeat shook his whole body. The pit jumped down from the wall lunging for his neck: his jaw clicked snapping shut. barely missing its mark Lugh jumped back and removed the baton from his pocket that he had stolen from Shlomo The dog lunged at his right knee. He stepped his knee away and sharply pummelled the beast until his skull cracked open. The other dogs hearing the pathetic whimpering sounds of their fallen kin hastened their strides and chased Lugh until he felt the pack's humid breath on his heels He found a concave section on the rock wall. Taking a deep breath, Lugh relaxed his eyes and began chanting to build psychic power. The pack gathered around the inlet snarling at their quarry and moved forward slowly slobbering before their meal, Lugh simultaneously raised his baton and shot out his left fist in the ancient sign of protection -- the devil horns. At this, the pack reared

back slightly and meekly barked. Having stopped the dogs in their tracks, Lugh intensified his efforts. Two of the animals most directly in the invisible path of his psychic cone of power knelt as if before a king. Two more slank slowly away on their bellies, while two other dogs walked away, tails between their legs. The last animal staggered curiously twenty feet off, licked his balls, rolled on the grass, then ran away.

Yeshua salivated as he viewed all of this from his tower.

"So he knows tricks," he said. His wicked grin unflappable as it exposed his sordid gum line.

Lugh noticed a set of stone steps leading up to the next tier. At the top, hip hop music blared from a patio which was about two dozen yards away. At the terrace, a familiar-looking black male and female reclined in an in-ground spa sipping champagne. Several naked White teenage girls surrounded them. Who stood motionless holding towels or clothing. A few girls lined the edges, their White limbs and breasts shining with a pearl-like quality. One redheaded girl sat morosely on the nigger's lap, the nigger grotesquely penetrating her under the bubbling water. Her eyes vacant and tearless as the negress kissed the neck of the buck between sips of Cristal, Mid kiss, the negress reached out with her long cherry-red nails to one of the Aryan girls standing next to them She's sharply dug into the girl's vulva, nearly circumcising her. The diminutive girl accepted the pain and genital mutilation without recoil. A rivulet of blood flowed down the girl's thigh. The big black cunt scornfully laughed at this.

She threw her head back and noticed Lugh for the first time. Recognition slowly dawned over her, and she scrambled over the tub and belly-flopped onto the concrete. The she-boon charged for an AK leaning against a drink cart. But just as she grasped the weapon, Lugh threw the baton and brained her to the ground. The black buck wasted no time and threw the redheaded girl into the hot tub's concrete rim, killing her instantly. He brandished a machete hidden under the water. Lugh lunged for the AK, but the naked buck inched between Lugh and the rifle steam still rising off his body. The nigger eyed the AK but stopped after seeing a large amount of broken glass from the bar cart.

The Negress bellowed low as she regained consciousness.

The nigger started grinning, and with his bony hand beckoned, Lugh come closer. From his gait and manner, he was undoubtedly as adept as any bushman with the two-foot bar of steel. Lugh peddled backward and bumped something with his right foot. It was a seven-foot-tall propane gas heater. Lugh cast the tower into the space between the advancing machete-wielding nigger and, in the process, shattered the glass tube that covered and contained the flame. The shower of glass sprayed the nigger, and the gas engulfed him in flame. The nigger's right arm caught on fire along with half of his afro. In agony, the nigger screamed at the roasted flesh, crying.

"I like my niggers like I like my chicken - extra crispy style!" said Lugh.

Shock took hold of the nigger as he ran and dove into the hot tub, hoping to soothe his wounds. Lugh picked up the machete and used his thumb to test its finely-honed edge. He looked at the pathetic nigger-beast whimpering in the hot tub. Without even thinking, devoid of anger, or malice but with a sense of duty for the disposal of toxic waste, the simple eradication of a living walking biped with a penis a homo-biohazard. He raised the tool and hacked the arms off of the nigger. He chopped the limbs till only two miniature stumps dangled and squirted Blood. Then turning to the she-boon, he grabbed the propane tank and gas nozzle that had roasted the nigger. The she-boon stood and woozily attempted to grab her Kalashnikov. Her open mouth was hanging loose like a deflated inner tube and viscous strands of mucus dangling from the corners. Lugh opened the valve on the tank and thoroughly doused the she-boon in flame. The large puddles of alcohol at her bare feet burst into flames around her and quickly immersed her, licking her with a yellow burst. The glass at her feet made her dance on a hotbed of pain. The female, like the male, attempted to find succor in the waters of the hot tub. Among the murky filth of the hot tub, she tried to stop the burning. Lugh again sprayed the she-boon with the scorching Greek fire. The beast screamed,

"Jesus! Jesus!!"

Then slowly, she submerged her head for the last time. Only the dislodged and charred lumps of her fatty breast bobbed in the frothy water. Lugh knelt by the side of the pool and thrust one hand beneath the surface. He grabbed the corpse of the poor dead little

redheaded girl. She was a bit younger than the rest. He gently placed her a few feet from the hot tub. He sensed that the girl was truly dead and that there was no hope of resuscitating her. So he put her hands over her heart and solemnly draped a towel over her body. Lugh turned back to the hot tub and threw the hip-hop blasting stereo into the Carnage.

"Enjoy the melting pot," he said, as the stereo arced and sparked in the water.

Lugh picked up the AK and walked in front of a line of hollow-eyed teenage girls. He waved his hands slowly in front of one of their faces.

"Who's minding the shop?" asked Lugh. No response.

He shook his head and then eyed the tower.

"You will pay for this, Yeshua!"

Lugh ran across the lawn to the next set of steps. Just then, he saw the guards from the gate run towards him. Lugh sprinted up the long set of stairs. He thought to turn around and shoot a few bursts at the pursuers, but when he turned, they had stopped and only stared up at him blankly. Then looking at one another, they slipped away.

Lugh scaled the stairway heedful of any small noises and careful also of surprise attacks. He felt the building sense of uneasiness the nearer he encroached the summit this was an astral sense of anxiety.

At the top of the stairs, Lugh glimpsed his next foe. It was a six-foot-nine hulking black male with obvious White genetic admixture due to his large trunk size and gargantuan muscular development. The giant perched on a gaudy velvet throne bedecked with Golden filigree. It looked as if it had been a prop stolen from the set of an evangelical TV broadcast. The beast held his chin aloft pompously as if he thought himself a king. The giant rose.

"My name is Gideon." he said.

Then Gideon unhooked a strand of leather on his girdle. Instantaneously, he lashed out with a giant whip. The black snake-like leather moved faster than Lugh could perceive, and the thong at the end of the strap coiled around the barrel of the AK. The flickering

tongue wrenched the rifle out of his hands. Twirling, it landed somewhere in the bushes behind Gideon. The giant grinned, baring his hideous sharpened teeth. Pleased with himself, Gideon waved Lugh towards the large and impressively stocked weapons rack to the courtyard's side.

At Gideon's tacit approval, Lugh approached the armory and scrutinized the collection of swords. staves, and halberds with squinting eyes. He thoughtfully pondered his options as he reoriented himself. But then he saw it shining like a celestial light - a long stave with a polished steel trident. The weapon called to him in his mind and inspired his sinister imagination. Lugh picked up the implement, tested the balance, and tapped it to reassure himself of its soundness.

Lugh looked back at Gideon, who was by this time growling in a killing rage. The giant began kicking up dirt, raking his feet against the ground rhythmically like a bull, and chanted something resembling a Haka war chant. Lugh took the weapon to the center of the courtyard, and he took a few deep, measured breaths and hardened his face in preparation. The giant unwound a large section of his dreadlock held together by a steel ring and pin. Suddenly he pitched the chakram directly at Lugh's face. Instead of dodge the razor-sharp circular blade, Lugh quickly extended the trident's prongs in front of him, catching the wheel and snatching it out of the air. Expertly, he wheeled the stall in a half figure of eight and cast the chakram back at Gideon. The blade severed the giant's ear. Blood surged down the side of Gideon's body. The enraged black lashed out and cracked his whip in atavistic rage. His horrible eyes bulged indignantly. However, this childish fit of pique did not improve his aim and Lugh was able to manage a sufficient defense from the barrage. Finally, Gideon's braided leather hit home and, like lightning, cracked the trident's shaft in twain. The force knocked Lugh back six-feet, causing him to stumble and fall onto his back. The giant confidently strode to Lugh, where he lay still stunned. unable to breathe

"I'm going to stomp you like a snake." said Gideon, as he raised his foot high above Lugh's head.

"Snakes are hard to stomp," said Lugh.

Just as Gideon was about to flatten Lugh's head, the supine man reached beside him, caught hold of the trident's broken shaft, and flipped it perpendicularly directly under Gideon's mid-calf. The

prongs of the trident penetrated the black's leg severing both bone and sinew. The tip emerged from the top of the giants' knee. Then Lugh mercilessly dug the prongs into the ever deepening the wound. His eyes flashed with spite as he twisted the nasty implement. The giant stumbled on his side, bellowing like an ox.

Lugh stood with great effort, his clothing now shredded to tatters. Bone-weary, he staggered to the armory and retrieved a two-handed Grosse Messer. He raised the sword and straightened it above his head. The giant blubbering beast saw this and grabbed Lugh's ankle but then shut his eyes tightly as Lugh chopped down, severing his head. Gideon's hand still clung to Lugh's ankle while his head rolled obliquely away. Bone and blood now visible, a fan of crimson waste from the beast's neck stump squirted forth from among the flayed arteries and splashed onto the paving stones.

Lugh kicked his foot free from the corpse's grasp and spat on him. Soon, all of the giant's Blood pumped dry out, as Lugh watched. He grabbed the severed head of the animal he had slain by the dreads. Then, spinning circularly, he hurled the head onto the final tier.

Lugh's sense of foreboding intensified as he scaled the marble steps. His dread built like a blackened pile of stones laid on his chest. Lifting his legs became more arduous than treading through wet cement. Some form of enchantment was protecting this place. And the very Blood of all of Yeshua's victims; more numerous than the stars in the sky, cried out to him from the ground. The wailing of the blood-drenched earth doubled and redoubled in Lugh's heart until he was boiling with rage. With every step he grew more steadfast in the conviction that he would be the Arbiter of their vengeance of all the centuries of blood-libel.

Lugh chanted his demonic enns, calling forth all the powers of hell to his aid. And suddenly, he found himself on the wind-whipped top-tier amid a helipad. Lugh's clothing fluttered like tattered little Tibetan flags, each flutter becoming a dark prayer for Yeshua's Blood. He surveyed his surroundings on the mountain, which commanded a magnificent view of a disquiet ocean. Above rose the mighty spire that contained the control tower and Yeshua.

"Yeshua. come out here and fight." said Lugh fiercely gazing up the side of the tower.

The stone tower's door had a knob, perhaps only a foot off the ground, the knob began to turn. And from within a small hideous goblin emerged.

"Or should I refer to you as Max?" said Lugh.

"Have some respect, dog. You are not worthy to lick my feet my name is Yeshua, Immortal gatekeeper of the Cube - Yahweh's hidden hand on earth.

"I thought you would be taller." said Lugh with a wry smile.

"It's a pity I'll have to kill you. I could have given you wealth beyond your wet dreams."

"I don't bow before the altar of unworthy gods anymore: kneel at the altar of my ancestor's Blood. I work for Rahowa!"

The diminutive humanoid-goblin was angered by this display of racial consciousness. He stepped one foot back into a bladed position and thrust his left palm forward. Instantly, Lugh felt an invisible wall of pressure, pushing him back toward the sheer cliff. He instinctively dug in his heels and, placing his palms on the relentless advancing wall. began chanting, forcing the wall away. Each sorcerer strained under psychic pressure. Lugh's skin rippled from the invisible waves of pressure. Tiny scratches formed on his neck as if torn by energetic razor-tipped arrows. Suddenly Lug's concentration and endurance gave out under Yeshua's Superior strength, and he forcefully hit the ground. Lugh quickly got to his feet and grabbed the Grosse Messer beside him and decided to charge Yeshua. Yeshua calmly reached into his pocket and withdrew a handful of tiny obsidian shards. He brought the shards to his face with both hands and silently muttered Hebrew spells into them as if speaking to butterflies. He tossed the shards into the air. No sooner had the shiny midnight black racers left his tiny hand then they all took on flight spontaneously. Suddenly the shards burst into 100 Divergent orbits covering Yeshua in an orb of whirling and sparking obsidian flies. Each time the elliptical moving shards would collide, they would crack, shatter, divide, then resume their parent's orbit.

"Go ahead and touch me, goy. Just see what happens" said Yeshua.

Lugh stopped short in his tracks in the middle of the helipad. The salty wind picked up, sending a greasy mist of ocean water over his face. He licked his lips, tasting the piscine spray. He spat. Lugh straightened himself up and collected his breath. He then formed the symbol of the two-finger sword, index, and middle fingers extended ring and pinky touching his thumb. Using percentage breath control, he began packing vril, his vital life essence, into his energy centers. He charged specific energy centers, those associated directly with his intended magical operations - just like Dük had taught him. With a sharp hiss, he thrust his fingers into the air; he deliberately forced powerful vril through his outstretched fingers. Then he cut the sigil of the Gate of Leviathan into the air. Burning blue flame scorched into the spiritual plane. The ancient symbol; indelibly etched into the astral, began to glow like a blistering forge. The center of the gate started to expand and unfold womb-like. Lugh used the Grosse Messer to penetrate the barrier. Nearly out of breath, he began his unholy recitations of the ancient prayer of Leviathan.

"Leviathan, by the blood of the martyrs, come to me in my time of need and destroy my blood enemy" said Lugh in harsh raspy tones.

As the dark clouds gathered, the forge burned ever fiercer with hypnotic gas-blue intensity. Lugh's sacral call to Leviathan stoked the flames like bellows. And soon, the fire seeped past the hilt and consumed his hand, elbow, and right shoulder. The otherworldly flames transferred Leviathan's power wholly, and the gate closed. Yeshua looked on in amazement as the energy shot a massive pillar of fire into the sky when Lugh lifted the weapon aloft.

The snake-like column turned into a gigantic tower of coils in the air. Then the whole mass shrunk, so the head, a deadly fanged reptile, could be seen. Suddenly from the right, the head swerved and crashed into Yeshua. The blow convulsed him. but he did not fall. Lugh swung the Grosse Messer around his head, and the giant serpent responded like a whip. Then the blue energy gathered a moment before he thrust the sword directly at Yeshua. The beast's reptilian head rushed forth with jaws and fangs wide. Its jaws clenched hard on Yeshua and penetrated his protective magick giving him a cut above his preternatural eyes. Undaunted, the serpent then lashed out with a series of vicious snapping shark bites. The barrage left Yeshua cut and injured, but he quickly shook off the attack as only a minor

annoyance. Angered, he snatched one of the obsidian shards that was still dutifully orbiting him, and hurled it at Lugh. The rest of the swarm left Yeshua, irresistibly pulled by the lead shard. Yeshua ran to the tower and hit a button on the wall.

The cover of the helipad's hidden pool, scene of many of Yeshua's midnight debaucheries, began to open. The center of the helipad opened from directly beneath Lugh's feet and immediately plunged him into the water. Laughing, Yeshua disappeared into the tower. As Lugh sunk, the obsidian shards followed him and unabated by the water attacked him with instinctive frenzy. Summoning his last ounce of strength, Lugh swam to the gross messer lying on the pool's bottom. With his left hand, he grabbed the sword anchoring him to the deep end; the right, he raised towards the surface. Then through concentration. he intensified all of his hatred and rage-- the water began to boil. The currents of Heaven and Earth met inside him. and through unholy alchemical science, the fusion created a massive blast The water in the pool was sent skyward. The explosion got rid of the swarm. and Lugh was then free to chase Yeshua.

"Damn, Jew. I'm coming for you!" he said.

Inside the tower, Lugh noticed a door ajar, and behind it, a spiral stone staircase descended to hell knows where. As Lugh plumbed the passage, he had the overwhelming feeling that he was entering a trap. *It may be a trap, but I have no alternatives now. I must free Dük.* he thought.

When he reached the base plate of the stairs, his head continued to spin from his helical descent. He recovered and held on to a damp stone wall. Standing inside a rotunda, he saw that between the columns were doorways. Inexplicably, he was drawn to one door. He listened at the door and heard nothing. Cautiously, he reached down to turn the knob as they were all low to accommodate the Jew-ling demon. Inside was a large synagogue replete with stained glass and giant menorahs. Lugh emerged behind the altar, and in the center, dais sat a giant mound of ice. Protruding from the top was the frozen trunk of a man with a cowboy hat, arm raised holding a pistol, and eyes glaring at an invisible foe.

"Dük." said Lugh, stumbling forward.

But there was no response from the figure encased up to his chest. Just then, the voice of Yeshua rang out from somewhere in the gallery.

"Do you think I escaped you? Foolish goy."

Yeshua's laughter filled the space echoing from every direction. Lugh scanned the entire area and finally sighted Yeshua straddling the railing of a balcony. Yeshua immediately became silent and jumped onto the floor of the gallery. He then stamped his foot with great force. The blow reverberated throughout the synagogue and increased with intensity until Lugh nearly fell. All of a sudden, the floor beneath the pews cracked open. Large crystal shards erupted out of the crevices. The crystals formed a jagged house of mirrors. Just then. Lugh heard a subtle inner voice. "Take my gloves,' he heard. Lugh looked amazed at his frozen mentor.

"Dük, was that you?" said Lugh.

He tuned in to his clairaudience and focused his mind. 'Lugh. take my gloves ' He heard him say inaudibly from mind to mind.

"Dük, how do I free you?"

"Don't worry about me, just yet, you just take these gloves and kill that degenerate Hebe."

Lugh saw the tips of the gloves where none had been before and dug them out. He stepped off the dais and descended into the maze of crystal. The crystal distorted his form torturously, twisting his image a thousand times over. Lugh suddenly saw Yeshua's face directly before him. Instinctively he struck out with his sword. The steel impacted and smashed the crystal in a web-like design. Yeshua's face now fractured into a thousand thumbnail images. Yeshua's visage laughed and then disappeared. Still smiling, Yeshua reappeared in every crystal mirror.

"I have a surprise for you, goy. Say hello to your bride." said Yeshua.

The clarity of it shocked him. There in all the crystals was Lucy, naked, painfully bound, and gagged. Yeshua fondled her breasts.

"Word from the Cube says your shiksa is a real obedient whore. Fresh meat!" said Yeshua as he licked the side of her head.

Yeshua lowered Lucy's gag and twisted her nipples until she screamed. In a state of frenzy, Lugh began smashing crystals.

"Lucy, where are you?'

"Lugh, is that you?" she answered in a faint echo.

Suddenly Yeshua jumped out of one of the crystals from behind and latched on to Lugh's neck. Tooth and Claw dug into his flesh. He shook the Jew halfling from him, throwing him into a mirror. Yeshua tumbled into the crystal as if it were a doorway. *So the kike is hiding in a different plane, that's why I can't find him*, Lugh thought. Just then, he remembered Dük's gloves. Lugh quickly donned the leather gloves. Tentatively he reached out and touched a large crystal. To his surprise, his gloved hand passed into the crystal and made ripples on the surface. The resistance seemed to be similar to water. Taking a deep breath, Lugh submerged both hands into the crystal and slowly entered the foreign realm.

Inside the crystal realm, Lugh viewed a long black dizzying hallway with rectangular panes of glass, each rotating in place on the vertical axis. Behind each pane of glass stood the dim outline of humanoid shapes. The framework wasn't human; it just suggested such. The humanoid silhouettes themselves were of fine smoky gray-blue tubing. It defined feet, legs, head, and hands like mittens. Lugh gazed down the hall, he realized he could see the rotating panes for nearly a mile. Each one seemed as highly defined as the one in front of him. He realized that these rotating panes of glass would lead him to a corresponding crystal in the synagogue. Lugh stalked the labyrinth, gazing Into the passageways for any sign of Lucy or Yeshua. *But if I found Lucy what then? Was she a phantom or an illusion?* he thought. He tried not to recall the memory of her brutalized body.

Suddenly Lugh got a glimpse of tiny feet scurrying in the distance. Yeshua was looking into the rotating panes for Lugh. Yeshua had no inkling that Lugh had found a way into the realm. Lugh hid behind the mirrors and slipped the long way around Yeshua. He quietly timed each movement. Finally, he was directly behind the goblin, who nervously surveyed a portal rubbing his doll-like hands.

Noiselessly Lugh raised his blade. But just then, Yeshua sensed the killing intent and with instinctive reflexes sprung into a nearby portal. Lugh heard soft moaning and recognized it to be Lucy. He sprinted and weaved between the crystal portals.

"Lucy!' he said, falling to his knees and embracing her. "I've got to get you out of here.

With the tip of the sword, he furiously cut at the ties on her wrists and ankles. The bonds were as strong as braided steel rope. Each second was an eternity. Suddenly, as he severed the final strand, Lucy began to slide away. Some unseen tentacles hooked Lucy's leg. Lugh howled in bestial rage and whacked the invisible force below Lucy's feet. When he did so. the invisible arms emitted the stench of burning tires and rotten eggs. She began sliding with even higher speed into an abyss. Lugh grabbed her wrist, and the creature dragged both of them. Lush lifted his sword and thrust it into a portal. The blade protruded into the physical world as Lugh clung to the handle for dear life. The invisible tentacle latched on tighter, and with a mighty final tug, it enveloped Lucy into a black hole The hole closed and sealed behind Lucy, and Lugh remained in the silence of the crystal portal realm.

"I lost her again," he said. He was on all fours; the position of defeat.

Lugh's throat began a guttural growl, revealing the beast that predatory men hold inside. He scratched the skin on his right shoulder and noticed a large sliver. Curious now, he dug at the object and saw that a tiny obsidian shard had embedded into his flesh from earlier. He gnawed at the shard, grinding the edges with his teeth. He felt relief as it emerged, and he spat it into his hand.

"I wonder?" he said to himself. Lugh entered a trance and attempted to connect with the shard. It had a type of intelligence, albeit rudimentary. Lugh whispered his intention into the shard and perceived nothing at first. But slowly, the shard began to hover above his palm.

"Now go," Lugh commanded.

In the blink of an eye, the shard disappeared and passed from the crystal portal dimension into physical reality.

Meanwhile, Yeshua was busy removing his seal of protection from the synagogue. Yeshua retrieved the seal from a secret hiding place under the dais. The dwarf dusted himself as he scurried from under the platform. Then, taking the seal in both hands, he broke it in two. The pieces turned to ash with black specks of dust peppered throughout and formed a gray pile. He swept up the dirt with his tiny hands and spat into it. With his index finger, he turned the combination into a paste. He brought his hands to his mouth and uttered vile Jewish curses, imbuing the fetid mixture with his power. Yeshua then stuck the putty to the side of the dais. The synagogue of deception began to rumble. The dwarf started to shuffle to an escape hatch, as the pillars of the temple began to fall. Yeshua abruptly halted at the sight of one of his obsidian shards.

"Come with me." he said with a wave of his rat-like paw.

But the shard did not obey. Several more shards levitated to and joined the lead shard like a fleet of fling aces. The shards, now drenched in hostile energy, no longer obeyed. Yeshua snarled and quickly entered his escape tunnel and slammed the heavy steel door and ran. The swarm angrily buzzed outside the portal. Beams and windows splintered and splashed all over the synagogue. The structural turmoil split a gap in the portal door frame just large enough for the intrepid shards to burrow into. Yeshua heard them closing the distance.

Back in the self-destructed synagogue, Lugh pulled himself out of the crystal portal realm. Just as he emerged, he witnessed a giant pillar fall. The massive marble seemed to tumble slowly, breaking Dük's eternally frozen pose into a river of glittering silver ice, which cascaded across the wreckage. He looked on helplessly for a moment until the quaking building soon jolted him back into survival mode. He saw a massive entryway at the rear of the synagogue and ran to where he found a grand hallway that led to the open air.

Meanwhile, outside, the enslaved children slowly awoke from the throes of their otherworldly trance breaking the fetid Jewish vampiric tentacles. Still disoriented, the children heard a sickeningly familiar groan from behind the wall of well-trimmed cypress. The children timidly walked over to see Yeshua's critically injured body,

their slavemaster, bleeding, and barely conscious. Yeshua cried to the children.

"Help me up now."

But they did not respond. Yeshua had used the last bit of power to rid himself of the swarm. Although cut to shreds, with strings of flesh strewn about him, if given time to heal, there was the possibility of full recovery for Yeshua. But the children had other plans.

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Nearly dawn, the morning air textured his arms with bumps. At a distance, Lugh sat disheartened on a large boulder and watched as the children lynched Yeshua. They joyfully flogged their former captor; an administrator of ritualized torture, rape, and sodomy, on a tree. Some others of the children clothed themselves with large white towels like Roman senators. Lugh heard the sound behind him. It sounded like something slapping the dust off of clothing. Not able to defend himself or caring too, he put his head in his hands and sighed deeply and said,

"Well, if you're going to kill me, make it quick."

Next to him, he saw the man place a leather boot on the foundation of some ruins. The man lit a match on the surface of the stone and started a pipe with small puffs.

"And why in the name of hell would I go and do that? You're my best student!" said Dük with a sideways glance and a wolfish grin.

Lugh started.

"Dük! You survived?"

"It would take more than the likes of him to trap old Dük. Anyway, I can shed my hide like a rattler."

"Cast off skin?"

"Molting. I was never in there. My woman was, though. That's why I had to go in."

"You mean you could have saved her? Or helped me the whole time?"

"Don't worry. I would have stepped in if I thought you were in trouble Just think of it as part of your training."

"I'm too tired to be mad." said Lugh.

Dük placed two fingers in his mouth and whistled. Dük's redheaded woman came out from behind the rocks dusting her torn black robe with one hand and in the other carrying a piece of wood. Dük grabbed the branch and glanced at it thoughtfully.

"This was the source of his immortality -- partially. I broke into his Sanctum Santorum while you were playing hide and seek and reclaimed it."

"What is it? A branch?

"Yes. But from a very peculiar tree."

"The world tree?'

"Mhmm. You know what, why don't you take it? You'll need it in the days ahead." said Dük as he pointed the limb at Lugh's chest.

"If it's from the world tree, I know it has otherworldly power."

Lugh accepted the limb and lowered his eyes sadly.

"Dük. I saw Lucy; she's inside the Cube of Sorrows.

"Where there's a will there's a way. We must destroy the Cube before she can escape. With hell as my witness, and by the Blood of the martyrs, so mote it be," said Dük resting his elbow on his knee and slowly shaking his head.

Then Dük closed his eyes for a few moments, diving deeply into himself. His energy centers began to glow and spin furiously. The centers turned like cyclones and united in one column of black flame. Lugh's stomach became uneasy as Dük outstretched two fingers from his left hand, slightly touching Lugh's third eye. The current of Dük's

vril hit him like lightning. Dük turned to face Lugh as he reeled back and narrowed his eyes.

"Look into my eyes." said Dük

Lugh's teacher suddenly put his thumb and forefinger into his own eyes. He pulled off his face, hinging it open on the side as if removing a porcelain mask.

*"Come now, and behold my greater Mysteries." his voice was coming from all directions. "Behold my form, my opulence, and my divine masks. which are more numerous than the Stars.

The void in Dük's face captured Lugh's attention. He gazed transfixed. Although, in truth. Lugh could not determine if he was diving into the abyss or if it was Dük's form that was expanding, consuming the entire universe

*Portions of the following scene are adapted from the Bhagavad Ghita

"Listen to me foremost of the Aryans; see my various spiritual realms and manifestations. You can view any probability or eventuality in my face. This form can show you all that you desire now and in the time to come. It's all here. Make sure to look ye with your third eye," said Dük's disembodied voice.

Lugh marveled at Dük's universal form and saw unlimited mouths and eyes. The structure was decorated with dazzling spiritual ornaments and arrayed in many garbs. He was crowned gloriously, and in the vestments of royalty, the forms were all magnificent, all expanding, without end. Right then, Lugh thought, "*if I was plunged into the center of the sun, it might start to resemble the intensity of this light*.' He could see in the cosmic manifestation, the unlimited expansion of the universe situated in one place although divided into many many thousands -- like fractals. Then bewildered, his hair standing on end, Lugh started to get the fear.

"Dük, I see in your face all the demons and gods. I see the Creator sitting on the throne as well as Shiva and many sages and wise serpents. I have seen your celestial body and many many forms hands, mouths, eyes expanded into alternity. You are vast beyond my human brain's comprehension. Your form. adorned with various crowns, clubs, disks, and swords, is difficult to see because of its glaring effulgence, which is fiery and as immeasurable as the sun. You are the Supreme Primal God; you are inexhaustible, and you are the oldest. You are the maintainer of the White race and the eternal wizard. Dük, you are the origin -- you have man manifestations and incarnations. The Sun and Moon are, but two examples of your eyes found throughout nature. Through your fire, you are heating the entire universe. All the gods are beholden to you. They are terrified, and with folded hands, they are singing your praises. All perfected beings and demons are beholding you in wonder. All the multiverses with their demigods are unsettled at seeing Your many forms and pure Aryan hatred. And as they have the fear, so do I. I see you as the progenitor of the Aryan race. I am having trouble maintaining my equilibrium seeing your blazing deathlike faces and gnashing teeth. With bloodstained hands, you drink from the skull of a conquered foe. All of the traitors, miscegenators, and mud races are rushing into your galactic machines of death, as you grind their heads in your sharpened teeth. You have torn them up in your maw. As inevitably as time, all the Jews enter your blazing mouths and perish. I see all the subhumans rushing with full speed into your mouth as moths dash

into a roaring fire. Dük, I see you devouring all enemies in your flaming mouths and covering the universe with your far-reaching rays, scorching the worlds, you are triumphant. Lord of death, so fierce of form, please tell me who you are

Then Dük spoke,

"Time I am, destroyer of worlds, and I have come to be the adversary of all people. Save for my Chosen; all will be slain. Therefore get up and FIGHT. After overcoming and obliterating your enemies, you will enjoy a flourishing earthly kingdom. The enemy is already put to death by My arrangement, and you are but a sword in my hand. All of these debauched breakers of nature's commandments are already dead. Simply choose hatred and fight, and you will conquer your enemies.

Lugh shivered inside as the realization of Dük's identity cleared through the fog of his mind.

"Lord Satan, God of my people. The Jewish desert demon, which is nothing but an egregor -- a phantom, his filthy faggot son, and the holy pigeon, all piss their gowns at your name. May all allegiances be unto the Blood. You are the original progenitor of my race and are its rightful Ancient King. You are the only sanctuary of my people. You are the summum bonum of natural law. Limitless Satan! You provide this whole cosmic manifestation. You are air, fire. water, earth, and void. You are the dark's dark and the light's light. You are the original lord of chaos. Thus, I offer my respectful veneration unto you a thousand times again and again. You are the infinite power. and you are the master of limitless might! Master Satan. I am amazed and delighted at seeing your universal form, but now I wish to see you and your form as the Emperor of hell with your horned head and trident in hand.

"My Apprentice, I happily show you my form as the Emperor of Hell!" said Dük's voluminous voice.

He then contracted the variegated plethora of masks and forms beheld by Lugh into one space. Dük took on his glorious embodiment as the pagan king of hell. And Lugh, who had been dizzy from the epic experience, tumbling from one world to the next at the speed of thought, now felt the firm earth under his body. And he was

content when he saw the Prince of Darkness transform. Dük continued,

"The form which you now see is difficult to behold. Even gods and angels are ever seeking a chance to see this form. This form of mine can only be viewed by those fully dedicated to the service of SAHRAHWAH, and only due to that service can I be understood as I am in the flesh standing before you. Only in this way can you enter into the sinister transcendental mysteries of Nature's Eternal Wisdom. Only he who is fully engaged in SaRaWa; internalizing the cause, and free from contamination of Abrahamic filth, can ascend."

Slowly the vision subsided, and Satan assumed his present incarnation as the avatar Dük. Lugh regained his composure and watched as the children thrust a spear into Yeshua's ribs, causing a gusher of Blood to spurt from the wound. The children shrieked in delight.

Dük smiled, then he placed his two fingers in the corners of his mouth. He let out a piercing whistle. Dük waved his hand calling the children. He grabbed his woman's hand and beckoned Lugh to follow him with a motion of his head. As he walked to meet the children, the long night was ending, and the grass was pregnant with morning dew. Dük's woman patted and hugged the former objects of Yeshua's sick perversions. One little girl fearlessly ran to Dük and hugged his leg, realizing her ordeal was over. And Dük gently smoothed her beautiful blonde hair.

"There, there, child. Children join hands. Gather round." commanded Dük. "Let us purify this space."

The group all joined hands as the air whispered unintelligibly, In a circle around the group, vigorous young seedlings sprouted. The trees grew around them as if the subject of time-lapse photography; bending, twisting, and straining skyward as if engaged in a sacred dance. The wood in their bodies creaked and moaned in their growing pains. The sprouts became wiry saplings, and the young trees matured into massive oaks. The roots grew powerfully and deeply into the earth burrowing and anchoring them in place. Above them, the branches grew and formed a lush green canopy.

"It is clean," said Dük, inhaling deeply through his nose.

The sacred space became still. All the noise became wholly sucked out. Dük produced a golden chalice and raised it between two hands prayerfully above his head. A black mist surrounded the new grove, and whispers danced amongst those assembled.

"Come. Worship at the altar of your Blood. And take the communion of the Blood." said Dük.

From out of the blackness at the edge of the grove, Lugh saw a line of figures coming closer. The company of shades appeared in simple black robes. At first, Lugh thought these figures were Dük's black-clad ghouls. However, on closer inspection, he realized that the bodies were astral. One by one, the spirits approached Dük. And before they took communion of the Blood, they would remove their jet black cowls. The first to draw near to Dük, and pull back his hood, revealed that he was the greatest martyr of the modern age the chancellor of the German Reich - Adolf Hitler. Hitler drank the sacrament, closed his eyes, then with folded hands, took his place lining the circle near the ring of oaks. The others followed suit. It was all those who had made the sacrifice of the Blood to SaRaWa, the satanic racial holy war. From Robert Matthews to Vlad Dracul; from Timothy McVeigh and Rockwell to Charles Manson, along with many nameless heroes, the martyrs took the Communion of the Blood.

"Come drink from my cup Lugh." said Dük.

Lugh stood before Dük and nodded. The velvety crimson libation poured over his lips. He felt it burn as it traveled down his belly. He became aware of all the suffering of all the men around him. It flooded him with a tremendous sense of duty. He was also inundated with all of their wisdom, passion, hopes, and dreams for the establishment of an eternal White race: ever-ascending and evolving unto unimaginable heights. Like the oak trees, he grew spiritually in that instant. His astral branches reached further into the heavens as his roots descended ever deeper into hell. Drunk on the heady mixture of hatred and love Lugh shouted out,

"SAHRAHWAH!"

Dük stashed the Chalice between the folds of his robe. With his wolfish grin, he said,

"You have been fully initiated into my mysteries. With the powers you now possess, you will be unstoppable. And power must act. Now, go forth into the world and destroy."

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